

Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

JULY 1991

BLACK LABEL E D I T I O N



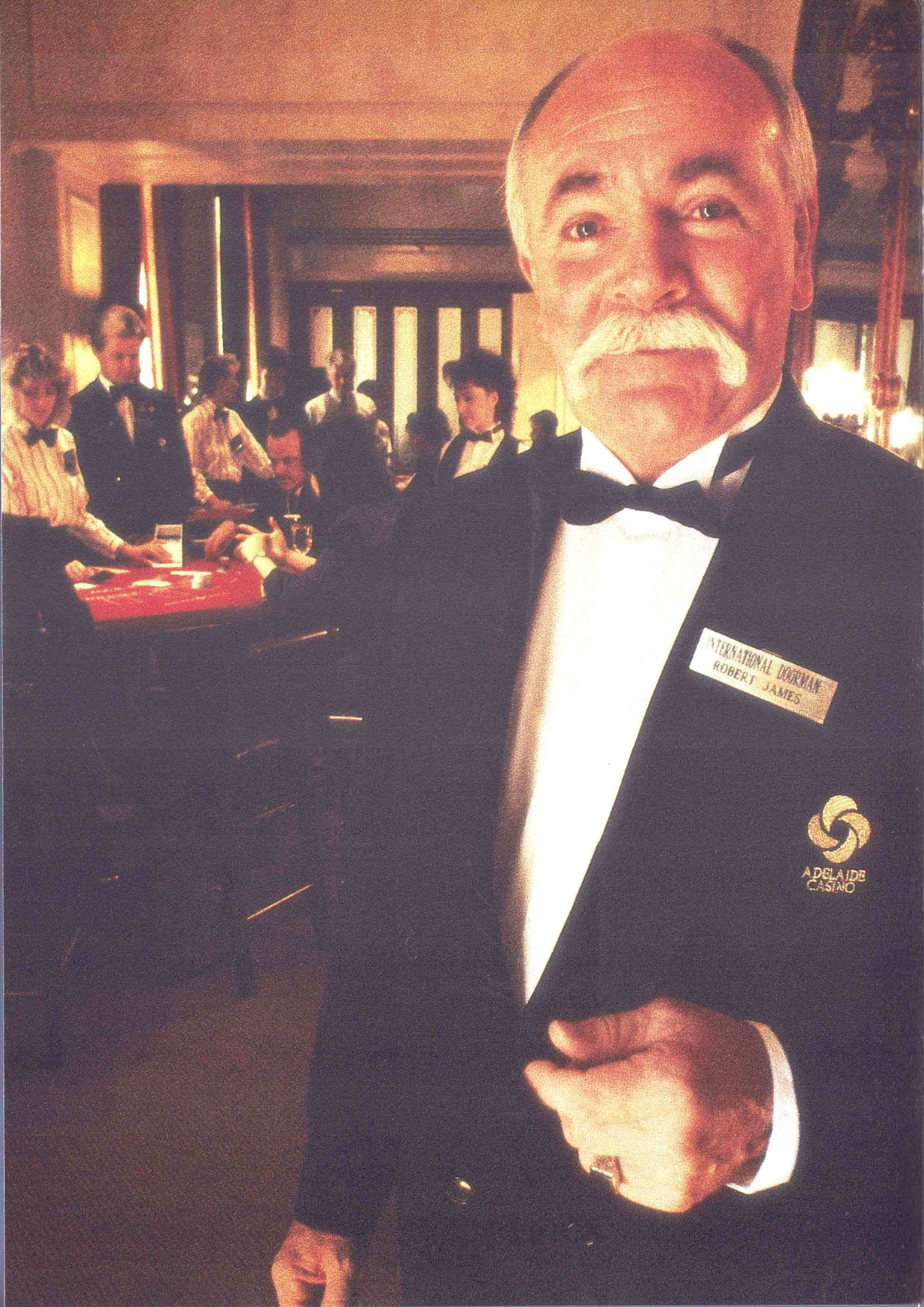
THRILL KILLERS

WHAT MAKES MASS
MURDERERS TICK?

SHARK HUNT

IS THE GREAT WHITE AN
ENDANGERED SPECIES?

F O R S U B S C R I B E R S O N L Y



'Nice to see you again sir'

My eyes were fixed on a group of familiar faces at the other side of the room. One in particular.

He didn't see me but I instantly recognised the check suit reflected in the frenzied crystal of the chandelier high above his head.

Was there an Asian junket in town, or was he down here in Adelaide for just a few days?

At any rate, there'd be a lively time in the International Room tonight.

I felt a rush as the manager led me to the last table on the right. He knew me.

He knew my track. He knew that was always my first move.

Did he also know that I was there this night to make a killing?

Nice to see you?

Huh!

"I'll make him eat those words," I thought to myself, as friendly as he was.

I was tired. Though flying in on a first class ticket had helped.

I had hardly enough energy to pick up the phone to call the Casino. I'd been working around the clock for the past few weeks.

I called, they did the rest. You work then you play.

I remembered back a year when I became a member of the International Room.

All the casinos have them, clubs that is, though none of them is as generous as Adelaide.

I was looking forward to the soft bed in the complimentary room at the Hyatt Regency.

'I'll make him eat those words'

I deserved that, I'd turned over much more than the minimum last year.

Though they don't give those privileges to just anybody.

I was on the verge of a big win.

All this raced through my head as I sat down at the table.

A glass of Wild Turkey bourbon arrived, kept by the house just for me, but this time courtesy of my Asian mate. He'd seen me come in.

But right now something even more exhilarating was running through my veins.

A little white ball zipped through my aorta and straight to my head.

The whirring of my brain slowed

to a snail's pace as the ball bounced into its slot.

"32 Red." There was a flurry of activity from the croupier. Only one small pay-out that spin.

The table was \$100 minimum.

There were a few sizeable stacks. I riffled my chips.

They tumbled out of my fingers, tunnelling down like a speckled caterpillar into a perfect cylinder on the table.

I covered the corners and settled in for the night.

A drink in my hand, a spread of food just two steps away and the flash of winning in my eyes.

The croupier saw it. She nodded. "Nice to see you again, sir."

"Another one." I thought.

"Doesn't she know why I'm here?"

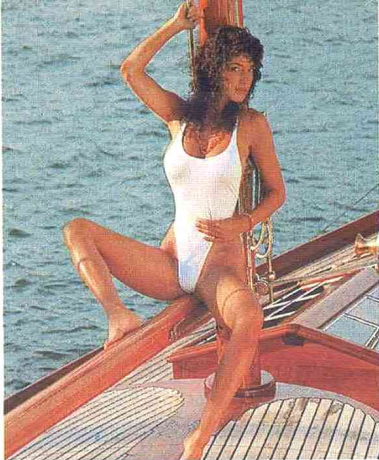
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For further information on our complimentary policy

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Australian
PENTHOUSE

The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 12 No 7/July 1991 Black Label Edition



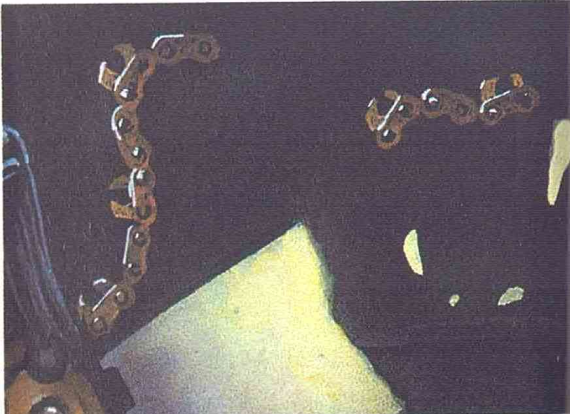
Cover by Nick Brokensha

*Recommended price only

Table with 4 columns: Section Name, Content Type, Author, and Page Number. Includes sections like FEEDBACK, FORUM, SEX, SONY TREASURE HUNT, FOOD, TRAVEL, SPORT, MONEY, STATE OF THE ART, ON TOP OF IT, PROFILES IN BLOOD, CAROLE, CELEBRITY SKINS, RADICAL GREEN, CANDICE, THE TIME HAS COME THE WALRUS SAID, DANIELLE, GREAT WHITE HUNTER, TRACY AND DICK, UNDER PRESSURE, JACQUES AND ANNABEL, ADVISOR, STEVIE, CINDY, FAIYEH, SOUND, FILM, THE TRAVELLING HEDONIST, and LOOSE ENDS.



Profiles In Blood



Radical Green



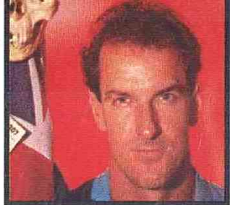
The Great White Hunter



Under Pressure



MIKE WORRELL



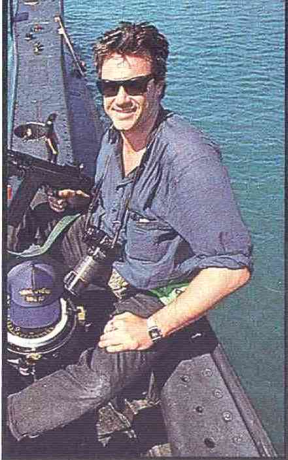
KIRK WILLCOX



TRISH MURPHY



ANTONELLA GAMBOTTO



GRAHAM MONRO

HOUSECALL

PROFILES IN BLOOD

Australian police used to believe the serial "thrill killer" was a uniquely North American phenomenon. But the past five years have brought so many vicious sex murders in this country, they're now reluctantly facing reality and taking notice of a newly developed American tool for tracking down the thrill killers.

RADICAL GREEN

Forget about passive resistance — gung-ho greenies in Australia are starting to fight dirty. Fed up with mind-numbing political processes and self-serving conservation groups, the radicals in the environmentalists' camp are turning to direct sabotage to achieve their aims.

THE GREAT WHITE HUNTER

Vic Hislop has been catching killer sharks for 30 years, including the biggest white pointer ever landed. Now he's under siege from bureaucrats, film-makers who use sharks as subjects, and "radical greenies stirred up by lies."

UNDER PRESSURE

Life in a submarine is as remote from day-to-day living as you can possibly imagine. It's a world of pressure, of intensity, of constant potential danger — and that's just in peacetime. The men who pilot our navy's six submarines are often away for months at a time, their operations secret, their destinations classified.

THE TIME HAS COME, THE WALRUS SAID

"This is Charlie Bone and I am Christopher Silvester, both at your service. We are both a trifle drunk, I'm afraid." Indeed, the Walrus and the Carpenter turned out to be magnificent boozers, and their energy inspired the others to follow suit.

JULY



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Phil Abraham

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feedback

Tough titties

I write with anger [in response to] to [an] article published in April *Penthouse* about poofster bashing. I am as mad as hell and I don't intend to take it. Your article is highlighting a very serious and dangerous problem in Sydney. It would seem poofs are newsworthy at the moment and a heterosexual magazine like *Penthouse* feels it's perfectly okay by writing about poofs which is actually promoting gay bashing. By reading this article all your homophobic readers will feel it's okay to bash or murder a poof.

I suggest *Penthouse* stick with tits and arse because homosexuals are none of your damn business.

By publishing this article you are walking on a very sticky paper.

Your article will cause much harm and hurt to our homosexual community. I'd say your readers are narrow-minded blinker-wearing heterosexuals with very little tolerance to anything else except what they see as the norm. I am a responsible member of the homosexual community who doesn't wish to be harassed or persecuted by young criminals.

I am not afraid of poofster bashers and am looking forward to encountering some sort of contact with these coward criminals. I certainly won't come off second best. I am armed and extremely dangerous. Editor, if you don't like my letter, tough titties. — *Name and address withheld*

More truth in publishing

I buy your magazine for the pictures — name and address NOT withheld. — *Allan Green, Como, WA*

Stunning Susie

I have been subscribing to *Penthouse* Black Label for over three years now and your pictorial and editorial content is always of a high standard. But your April Pet Of The Year issue was really something. The pictures of April Pet, Susie Underwood, really set a standard that will be hard to beat for the next Pet Of The Year poll.

Also congratulations to Kelly Hall, who took out the 1991 Pet Of The Year competition. Perhaps you could give us a calendar featuring the winner and runner-up for next year's competition. Keep up your ex-



Susie Underwood . . . hard to beat

cellent publication. — *P.H., West Pennant Hills, NSW*

Penthouse wins

I was recently asked why I subscribe to both *Australian Penthouse* Black Label and *Australian Playboy*. Fundamentally, I buy them both "for the pictures", as was so eloquently stated in "Truth in publishing" in the April Feedback page. But now I ask myself why I buy both. *Australian Playboy* has degraded considerably over the last few years. The quality of their articles has plummeted, but more significantly, they rarely feature Australian pictorials. The magazine is virtually an abbreviated version of *US Playboy*. And what do you get for your money? For the \$5.95 cover price you receive 114 pages of magazine with an average of four pictorials — one or two of which are celebrities or compilations of several girls. The photos attempt to present glamor but fall short and are usually quite boring.

Australian Penthouse, however, is a far superior magazine. For the \$6.40 cover price (or \$6.00 an issue for Black Label), you receive 128 pages plus an extra 16 pictorial pages in the Black Label and Limited editions — that's 144 pages total. This includes eight pictorials (twice as many as in *Playboy*), and at least one of these per issue is an Australian girl.

Further, the exclusive couples pictorials are definitely not boring. *Australian Penthouse* absolutely tramples over *Australian Playboy* and my subscription to the latter will not be renewed when it lapses.

A few suggestions, however, to follow this praise. First, not only am I not threatened by male models in couples pictorials, I want to see real intercourse between the couples. Showing the guy's dick just beside the girl's pussy (eg: pages 49 and 50 in April) is highly erotic but it would be even better if he was inside her.

Second, sometimes you have two couples pictorials but usually there is only one. Let's make it a regular two per issue.

Third, the comic strip "Johnny Topper" that ran from June 1987 to May 1988 was excellent, but why did it stop? *Australian Playboy* recently started an X-rated comic strip which is even better than "Johnny Topper" but the black censor has rampaged over the best bits. Please consider either reintroducing "Johnny Topper" or a similar X-rated comic strip, but not in the censored form. "Bodyguard" was not a good substitute for old Johnny. — *B.A. Sheddin, Albion Park Rail, NSW*

Silicon Valley

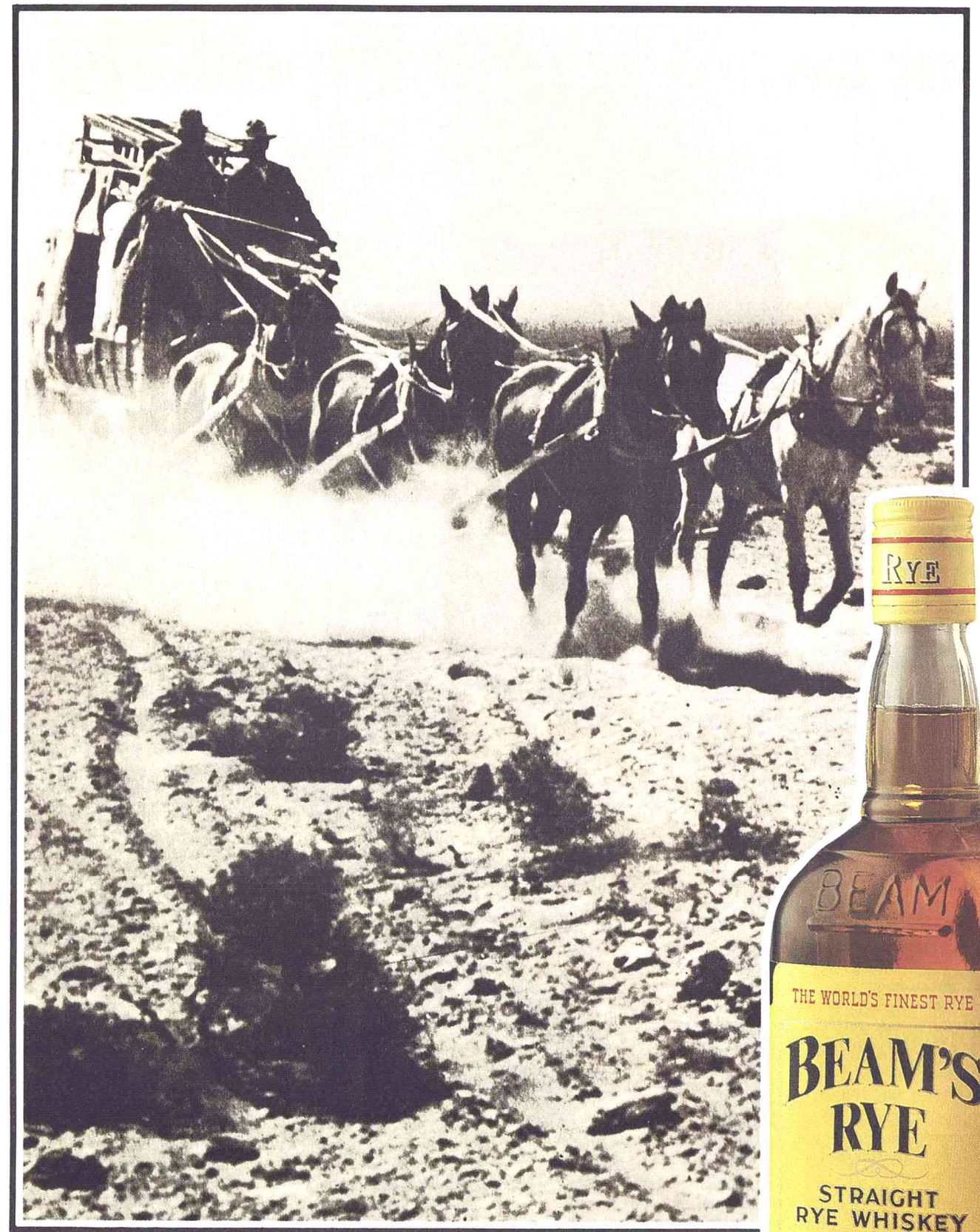
After talking to some of the women who read your magazine (and there are a lot, as you know) I have decided to write this letter.

Women who are interested in breast enlargement operations have a very hard time finding information on this subject, especially in the country. Women's magazines tend to step around the subject. We read about stars like Cher, Dolly Parton and Brigitte Neilson having the operation done, and some of your models seem to have had it done too.

Would it be possible to run an article on the different kinds of enlargement operations, the cost, the doctors who do them and the safety and success rate? Maybe an interview of a "before and after" subject?

I subscribe to Black Label and I know it's the best. As for the debate on mixed couples, nobody I've spoken to has any problem with it. — *A Concerned Reader, country NSW*

A story about cosmetic enhancement is being considered. — Ed



**WHEN ALL A MAN NEEDED
WAS A GUN, A HORSE,
AND A SHOT OF RYE.**



A brief introduction to our award-winning speakers.

Tradition has its place. And our new Series 3 loudspeakers are as true as ever to the Mordaunt-Short traditions of craftsmanship, care and quality.

But technology moves forward and in order to maintain another tradition – that of being in the forefront of loudspeaker design – we have had to make changes.

We spend a fortune on research.

And when our research tells us that there are a host of innovations which will make the sound from our Series 3 loudspeakers the purest sound you'll ever want to hear, we must react accordingly.

THE BAFFLE, FOR INSTANCE

Traditionally, the loudspeaker baffle is made of wood with all its inherent problems of dimensional instability and construction limitations.

Our baffle is plastic moulded in polypropylene making it highly inert with considerable self-damping properties.

Which means we can add strengthening ribs and vary section thicknesses at strategic points, giving us a baffle which is both lighter and more rigid.

We can incorporate performance-enhancing geometries not practicable with conventional woodworking techniques, we can design components for function, rather than manufacturing ease and then fit everything together with the sort

of tolerances that make accurate assembly a reality every time.

NOT ONE, BUT TWO...

Having devised the polypropylene baffle, we then went one better.

Two baffles.

One behind the other.

One structural, one cosmetic, made of two different – yet each eminently appropriate – materials with a small air gap sandwiched between upper and lower baffles providing a resonant behaviour far superior to the conventional one-piece baffle.

The upper baffle has its cushy, its sole purpose being to look good, secure in the knowledge that the mechanical performance

of the composite baffle is not being compromised.

DRIVERS...

No compromise either with our bass/mid unit. Each Series 3 speaker features a polypropylene-coned bass driver matched to a high-hysteresis rubber surround with the motor system vented so as to minimise asymmetric pressure distortion. As you move up the range, so does the specification.

Which is true also of the aluminium dome tweeter. Its special suspension, braided voice-coil connections and ferrofluid

cooling, whilst common to all speakers, are extremely uncommon in terms of performance and reliability with piston operation to beyond audibility enhancing the top end of the range.

IT'S A PEACH

The stand we've designed for the Series 3 speakers is possibly the most innovative feature of all.

It consists of a series of precision injection moulded sections, or 'vertebrae', which slot together to give a readily adjustable height, providing a structure of which the rigidity and freedom from unwanted resonances is unparalleled by more conventional methods.

JUST ONE MORE THING

We haven't mentioned the grille. Which has had as much care and invention accorded it as any feature of the Series 3.

It is a fine open weave mesh with no frame to cause diffraction, so it can be left in place (it arrives in position on your speaker) with no fear of reduced performance.

Or if you prefer, you can remove it.

The Series 3 grille is designed rather like a hair net with elastic edges which fit snugly into a groove around the loudspeaker cabinet.

SO THERE YOU HAVE IT

Our new Series 3 loudspeaker range. An award-winning combination of traditional standards and innovative technology.

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It's not new, but the POSITEC protection circuitry on all Series 3 speakers safeguards, inaudibly, against drive equipment overload or malfunction.

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Old friends

I have never considered myself bisexual. I never look at girlie magazines for pleasure. Occasionally a particularly attractive woman will catch my eye, but generally men are the be-all and end-all of my existence. All the same, by far the most exciting moment of my relatively short sexually active life involved another woman.

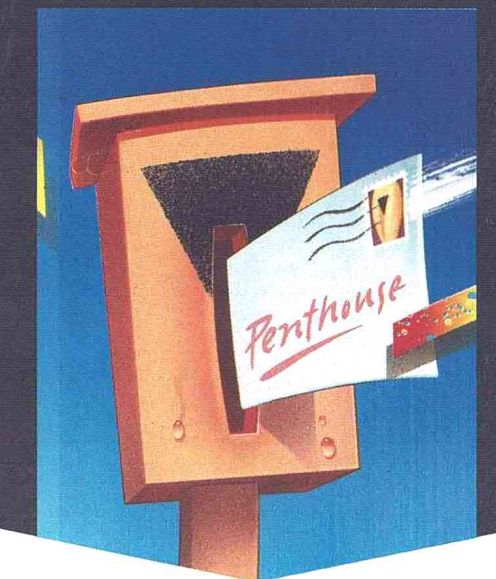
I had actually known Julianne since she was 12. We went to the same school together, although I was two years older. In her final year she and a few of her friends would walk down to the foreshore in front of her school and get drunk rather than attend afternoon classes. Often I would meet them there. My modelling career was only a part-time commitment and many days I had nothing to do other than go to the beach or meet friends. At the foreshore we would all get drunk. As there were never any boys around, the girls had no inhibitions about sexual conversation. I learnt a great deal about boys at our foreshore sessions, although I had lost my virginity a couple of years earlier.

Often Julianne and I would be the last to leave. We were pretty good friends and would stay and talk for hours.

One particular day we had all drunk rather too much. All the other girls had gone home, leaving Julianne and I alone. I had always known she was considered beautiful. She was the best looking girl at school by far, according to the boys. She was about my size, 5'9" and had long dark hair, brown eyes and perfect olive skin.

As we always did, we lay near each other on the rock watching the sun set. The alcohol had made us rather giggly and I don't claim to know exactly how the following events began. At some point, however, we both decided to have a look at each other's underwear. I showed Julianne mine, and remember being very proud of how they clung so well to my body. It suddenly hit me that I craved to see what Julianne looked like beneath her school dress. She pulled her skirt up around her waist, exposing her belly. She was perfect.

She lay back on her elbows and watched me as I looked at her. Her green



forum

underpants were taut against her olive skin. Her hips and legs were magnificent, obviously just shaved and shining in the dimming light. Her mound seemed to jut out through her underpants and I wondered what she looked like under her pants. I could see no pubic hair around the edges and her underpants creased down the centre where her pussy apparently began.

She obviously sensed my excitement, and removed her sleek clothing. She pulled my head between her legs and allowed me to run my tongue all over her inner thighs. I remember licking her pussy lips from top to bottom. I recall that the taste was a little surprising – somewhat acidic. Yet I had never considered how a girl might taste. Clearly Julianne could not have reached orgasm. I was far too drunk to know what to do.

Julianne forced two fingers inside my pussy a little later. I remember this being a little painful. I recall nothing more of this interlude. The next morning my face was covered with her dried juices. I studied it all with interest – I was very confused for a while. Needless to say, we saw very little of each other following that day. We never talked about it. It all seemed very embarrassing and unnatural.

Over the next couple of years my modelling career picked up somewhat. Julianne began work as a secretary. Naturally she

had more boys interested in her than she knew what to do with. I would occasionally meet her at the beach, but we rarely had much to say to each other. She always looked sensational in swimwear, and in that sense we were competitors on the beach. I have no idea whether she had further experiences with other women until our later meeting.

The only time I ever slept with another woman was in a shoot for an American pornographic magazine whilst travelling. The magazine was largely interested in artistic poses, and actual sexual contact was unnecessary. The woman I posed with was a typical American girl – very good looking and very fake. I think she was bisexual – she would take any opportunity she could to lick or lap at

my behind. Not that I minded a great deal, I just wasn't particularly interested. At one stage I admit that her snatch looked rather appealing in a particular position and I was tempted to dive in. However, on the whole, I was mostly unimpressed and acted my role to the best of my ability. She seemed a little annoyed, later, that I hadn't gone for it. I was happy to know that I was not becoming the lesbian I thought I was.

One night in January, I chanced to meet Julianne again. It was at a bar on a quiet night. She actually came up to me, smiling and happy. She looked as gorgeous as ever. She introduced me to her boyfriend Paul. He was a little older, perhaps 23 and great looking. He was American and as I found out later, reasonably wealthy. The three of us talked for what seemed like hours. Julianne even ventured to bring up our little interlude on the foreshore when she was little more than 16. Paul seemed very surprised but totally interested in our conversation. Julianne remembered it much better than I did, and seemed to have no regrets about that night.

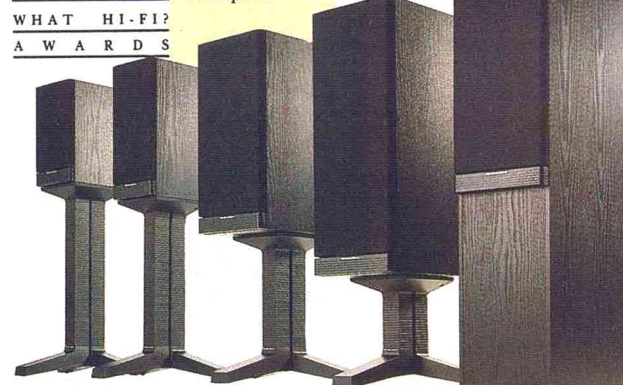
Jokingly we suggested we should all go home to bed and have a good fuck until the sun came up. We all hopped into Paul's car and headed to the apartment where Paul lived. Driving there I think we were all a little curious as to whether any of the others were serious.

As I entered the apartment, my heart



WHAT HI-FI? AWARDS

What Hi-Fi? had this to say of the MS3.10 "...a build integrity and finish never seen in a speaker at this price."





We took this picture on Mule Appreciation Day right here in Lynchburg, Tennessee.

A TENNESSEE MULE has a whole lot in common with a Tennessee whiskey-maker. They're both good, and stubborn.

For seven generations in Jack Daniel's Hollow we've refused to budge from a whiskey-making method called charcoal mellowing.

That's where every drop of just-made Jack Daniel's is seeped through tightly packed charcoal before aging. And nothing (not *even* aging) makes it more mellow. So when folks call us ornery and mule-like, we're quick to agree. You see, if we hadn't been so stubborn all these years, our whiskey wouldn't be so smooth.



JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY

APB 13652/A

SJD 0275

forum

was pounding with anticipation. Julianne walked ahead of me in her high heels and black stockings. I badly wanted to take her body and eat her on the spot. Once inside, the three of us drank and talked and looked at each other. It was a little tense. I think we all sensed that perhaps nothing was going to come of the situation.

Julianne got the ball rolling. She said to Paul quite bluntly that she thought it was only fair that he should fuck me. Thank God for alcohol and Dutch courage, I thought. Paul was obviously happy with this suggestion and grinned boyishly at me. He began to play with his zip, while I crawled across to where he sat slumped on the couch and pushed his knees apart. He lifted his bottom off the couch to allow his black trousers to be taken off with ease. His cock was bulging through his underpants so I thought the only way to make it all look natural was to take them off. Up sprung the most perfect cock I have ever seen face to face. As I looked it up and down, along with his balls and the tufts of hair between the cheeks of his arse, I looked up at his face and realised that this guy was hot. My obsession with Julianne seemed to have ended momentarily. I really wanted to fuck Paul.

I realised then that the situation was awkward. I didn't really know how to do it when someone else was watching. I looked across at Julianne and saw an expression that seemed to say, "I don't really know now if I should let her fuck my boyfriend." But she knew she was committed now.

She came over and joined me — her inhibitions seemed to have gone. She smiled at me and reached for Paul's penis. I was so worked up by this time that I just wanted to grab anything and jam it in my pussy.

Julianne's tongue eased out from between her soft lips and made contact with Paul's penis. As she ran it to the head of his penis and over it, making beautiful, sticky, slimy noises, Paul let out gasps of delight. I moved my head down and took one of his balls into my mouth and rolled it from cheek to cheek. Paul was loving it. He began to writhe on the couch, making it most difficult to maintain the oral contact.

Paul's shirt was off before I knew it, and as I worked my way up his chest, over his nipples and to his mouth, my clothes worked their way off my body too. Soon I was totally naked, and straddling Paul's face. Julianne continued to envelop his penis with her mouth. Paul licked at my inner thigh.

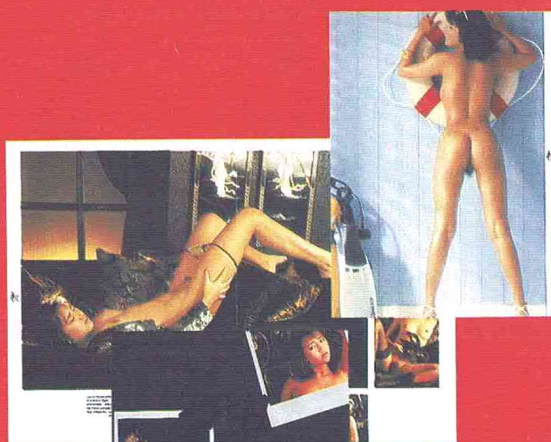
I was so wet, I felt like I needed one huge horse tongue to lick me from my arse to my cunt. Paul drew me down on to his mouth with all his might. It felt fantastic. I heaved



Continued on page 104

THE WILDEST SIDE OF THE EAST

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SEX

FRONT

LOVE-HATE RELATIONSHIPS

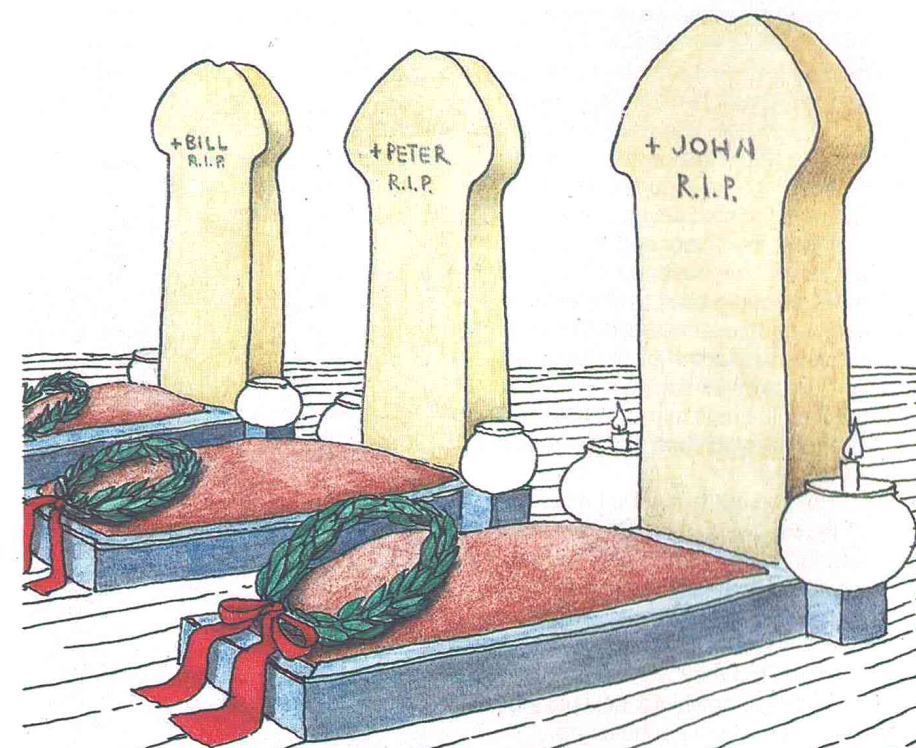
To the student of human psychology, there is much truth in the saying that a stiff prick has no conscience or common sense. Indeed, though it's seldom stated, the same applies to a moist vulva. Apparently uniquely in human beings, sex and common sense represent two opposing ends of the behavioral spectrum. Sexual imperatives invariably make people overcome what modest logic they may have to protect themselves, making one person behave in a way that will astonish and mortify others... until they in turn commit similar, outwardly inexplicable follies.

In the much researched and much speculated upon field of human sexual behavior — a world of fun, fantasy, quirky fetish and sometimes twisted outrage — one corner of fairly common behavior is seldom publicly explored. It is the world in which sex is used as an instrument of revenge, a means of getting back at an individual, a gender, or the whole human race.

Perhaps the most spectacular publicised example of sexual revenge is the case of Gaetan

On substantial disability pay and an almost open airline ticket, Dugas began to visit North America's major cities. Always good-looking, if a little chubby, he had now lost weight and was, if anything, more attractive. He had no trouble finding sexual partners in the flourishing gay bathhouse scene, and after each sexual encounter he would say to his

work as a behavioral psychologist, I met a man who was the classic victim of revenge sex. A successful professional, he had married a very handsome and intelligent woman, the daughter of a once-prominent businessman. They shared a pleasant suburban home and had two healthy daughters. Their sex life had been fine, he felt his wife's only



When sex becomes an instrument of revenge

Dugas, the man who has the dubious historical distinction of being the first diagnosed AIDS sufferer. A French-Canadian Air Canada flight steward with a prodigious sexual appetite, he contracted the disease from a Zairean during a stop-over in Paris in 1978. After a year or so of incubation, he became seriously ill. The disease was identified and doctors advised him that not only was it probably incurable, it was also highly contagious. Because the disease was so poorly understood, no-one could tell him how long he had to live.

partner: "I'm dying of AIDS. And now you're going to die, too." It's estimated that Gaetan Dugas had sex with more than a thousand men between the time of his diagnosis and the time of his death in 1985. When asked why he had, in effect, used his penis as a lethal weapon, he replied: "I'm not dying alone. I'm going to take as many guys as I can with me."

Dugas' sex spree stands apart from most cases of sexual revenge because he intended to *kill* his mates. Emotional torture is the usual aim of revenge sex, and it is used to a greater or lesser extent in many an outwardly happy relationship.

Some years ago, in my research

problem being that she was a little shy. He never had extramarital sex, and he didn't think she strayed.

After establishing a business and spending several years working 15-hour days he developed a high profile and became financially successful. When his success had been established, his wife asked him to pay for her to have rhinoplasty — a nose job. He found her attractive enough without facial surgery, but didn't refuse because that was what she really wanted.

The surgery was an outstanding success. While the woman's former face had been striking, her reconstructed one was extraordinarily beautiful. It was from

Illustration by Drahos Zak

this time that marital problems began.

A month or so after the operation, the husband was seated in a wine bar waiting for an overdue client when he overheard a conversation about an arch business rival who had a new mistress, one with stunning looks and a voracious sexual appetite. As the conversation progressed it became obvious that the mistress was *his wife*. What confused him most was how his wife had even met the rival. They had never socialised and the only time the rival's name had been raised it was with utter contempt.

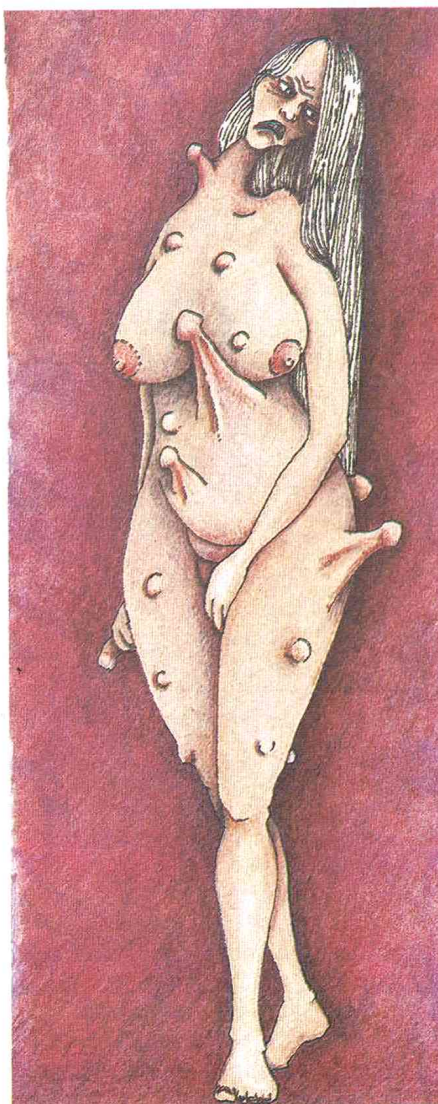
After bitter confrontation it transpired that the woman had been intrigued to meet the man her husband so despised, had arranged a meeting with him and they had become lovers. She was contrite and invoked the home and family as reasons why he shouldn't leave her. But over the next seven years she had five other major and indiscreet affairs with her husband's business rivals, crawling back to him after each transgression and exerting moral pressure and even attempting suicide twice to make him stay. By the time the man met her he was an emotional wreck and his business was failing.

I pointed out to him that more than 75 percent of marriages in which one partner had plastic surgery ran into major problems and frequently divorce. The deeper reasons for his own wife's humiliating behavior were complex, but they were exemplified by some famous historical cuckolds. Helen cuckolded her husband Menelaus, King of Sparta, with Paris, the son of his greatest enemy. Her sister Clytemnestra betrayed her husband Agamemnon, king of Mycenae, with his cousin and eventual murderer Aegisthus. Poppeia, wife of Emperor Claudius, made no secret of bedding the head of the Praetorian Guard and others. And down through history to Josephine Beauharnais, wife of the Emperor Napoleon, who repeatedly humiliated him by screwing his officers.

In each case these ladies were not just sating a need for affection, they were going far beyond indiscretion, many risking their lives. Their imperative was revenge. Each of these women had a strong father

who played a highly influential role in their young lives but had, the women believed, let them down. In sexual maturity, each woman, including the wife of our businessman, sought out strong husbands as surrogate fathers and proceeded to relentlessly punish them, humiliate them and, in short, revenge themselves. And because they saw their husbands as surrogate fathers, there was never any question of letting them go. Father love, they reasoned, is forever.

Among men, the syndrome of sexual revenge is often demonstrated in what has become known as the Casanova Complex. Seemingly addicted to sex, men with the Casanova Complex will put "scoring" above all other aspects of their lives — marriage, children, careers. They are indiscriminate in their conquests, but seem particularly fascinated by



vulnerability. Thus, married women going through a bad time have particular appeal, as do the recently widowed, and those whose husbands are suffering from terminal illness.

The Casanova will see his "servicing" of suffering women as a charity act. "Her old man is a shit, neglecting her, married to his job," he will say. "I just had to do my best

"The Casanova Complex man will see his 'servicing' of suffering women as a charity act."

to make her feel good." Or, "This woman had a husband dying of cancer. She had to wait on him hand and foot, hadn't been out for 18 months. What else could I do?", etc. But once the score is made, the woman is dumped unceremoniously, often brutally.

What motivates these men? The common thread in men who exhibit Casanova Complex is childhood unhappiness. Their mothers were almost invariably the dominant force in their lives, but more importantly, this critical relationship was often colored with cruelty or neglect. Rarely were their fathers present during formative years, and when there were, they were very weak role models.

The result is an overwhelming urge to hurt all women, combined with a deep-seated fear of being seen as unmasculine and weak like Dad. Thus is created the misogynist superstud. The man who punishes women with his penis, stabbing them for the injury they did to him when he was too young to defend himself. Revenge! — *Dr Kim Mukerjee*

Dr Kim Mukerjee has a PhD in Psychology. He has been involved in behavioral research for more than 25 years in the UK, the US and Australia.

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OUT OF THE FRYING PAN

You've just sold your business and you're all cashed up. Or Auntie Agnes has just exited this mortal coil and left you a modest stash. Or the Big One has dropped on your front lawn, showering you with not enough to sail your own floating gin palace to the Caribbean with a crew of nubile nymphs, but enough to invest in a project that will really see you rolling in it. . . So what do you do with the money?

Everyone (and believe me, advisors will be crawling out of the



Illustration by Amanda Upton

woodwork) is saying the same thing: "You'd be great running a restaurant!", "You're terrific at business, you're a real party animal and you don't mind long hours", "All the friends and clients you've built up over the years will follow you there and you'll be an instant success!"

Thus is sketched a picture of the sweet life — a rosy, cosy world in which you wittily shoot the breeze with friends and guests over a bottle of wine each night, and rake in money as you do so. You and Chef (a big jolly guy in a stovepipe hat and red scarf) are a creative team, the hottest act in town. Your staff will be quick with the smiles and the service

and the food — sensationally tasty, well-priced, big portions — will be the talk of the gastronomic set, especially since you know a guy who has a cousin who used to sit next to Leo Schofield at the *Sydney Morning Herald*. A favorable review should be no problem. . . That's if one's even necessary, since you'll be packed all the time. . .

You've let fantasy mix with your ego. Now you're in Big Trouble. The more you think and talk about it, the more tangible the whole thing becomes. Then, as if by magic, the perfect restaurant is brought to your attention. It's been on the market for two years because they were waiting for just the right operator to come along, and there's a million reasons why you can make it work where the previous 47 owners went broke. After all, you're a lot smarter than all those bastards put together, even though you've never been in the business before. Incredibly, the broker reduces the price to exactly what you said you wanted to pay — he reckons you're going to be great in the food game and he chortles: "Make sure you invite me to the opening," as you sign the lease, careful not to spill any ink on his white shoes.

You're a restaurateur! "Wouldn't miss the opening for the world," they all tell you. So you start interviewing staff. Astonishingly, all the right, qualified people apply for the jobs. They all ask you if you've been in the business before; obviously they're particular who they work for.

It's up and ready. With your help, Chef creates a menu which he takes home to work on and returns with all your suggestions missing. "We'll try them soon," he says. The floor staff don't agree with your decor ideas. "We tried that at Chez So-And-So," they lisp. You don't want trouble. They get their way.

The opening night is a roaring success. You only invited 100, but 400 turn up. The word must be out, so you let 'em rage till 4am. Who said first nighters were all professional bludgers? They all came up and raved. They'll be back, for sure.

Your first couple of weeks as a purveyor of prepared produce are fine. Your friends visit and make nice comments. But then they don't come back. The head waiter tells you not to

worry because they're a bunch of lousy tipplers, and anyway, you were getting too familiar with them in the restaurant and it was bad for business. So much for socialising between tables, wine glass in hand.

Then you make the mistake of suggesting menu changes to Chef, who tells you to get fucked, orders you out of the kitchen, and threatens to quit. So much for the jolly guy with the red scarf; he's a knife-wielding, temperamental prick with a hairy back who knows you can't get by without him.

Then floor staff call in sick on the busiest nights and you have to wait tables and pour wine, at which you're ratshit, and no-one tips you because you're the proprietor.

After a month all your friends have tried the place hoping for a freebie and are now all knocking the shit out of the joint behind your back. Then people you despise come in to eat and you have to be nice to them. Then you have to cut costs by doing the market shopping yourself, so your day starts at sparrow's and ends at 1am. You never see any of your old mates. Your staff is treating you like scum and you know if you sack them you're only going to get another bunch of similar arseholes. You start smoking again and consider using speed to cope. . .

If you're really tough, you'll survive the year. About 80 percent of new restaurants go out of business within 12 months. So you decide to cut your

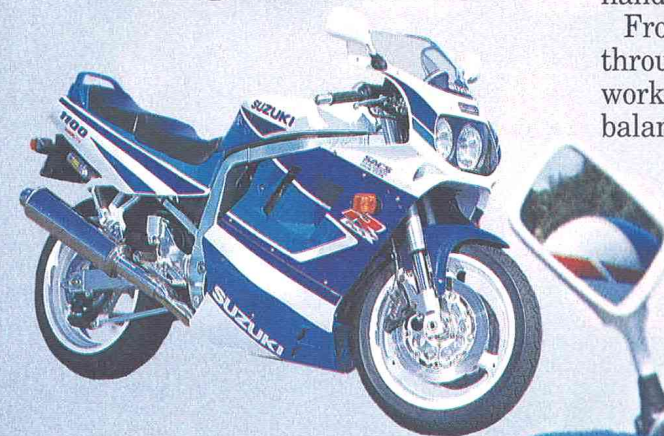
Ever thought of running a restaurant? Well, don't.

losses and bail out stony broke. Your team of Twilight Zone workers moves on to the next poor imbecile.

And the moral of this sorry story is: If any bastard should ever suggest that you'd be great running a restaurant, tell 'em you'd be happier running a marathon instead. Barefoot — over broken glass. — Paul B. Kidd

Paul B. Kidd is a magazine editor and columnist who has owned six restaurants.

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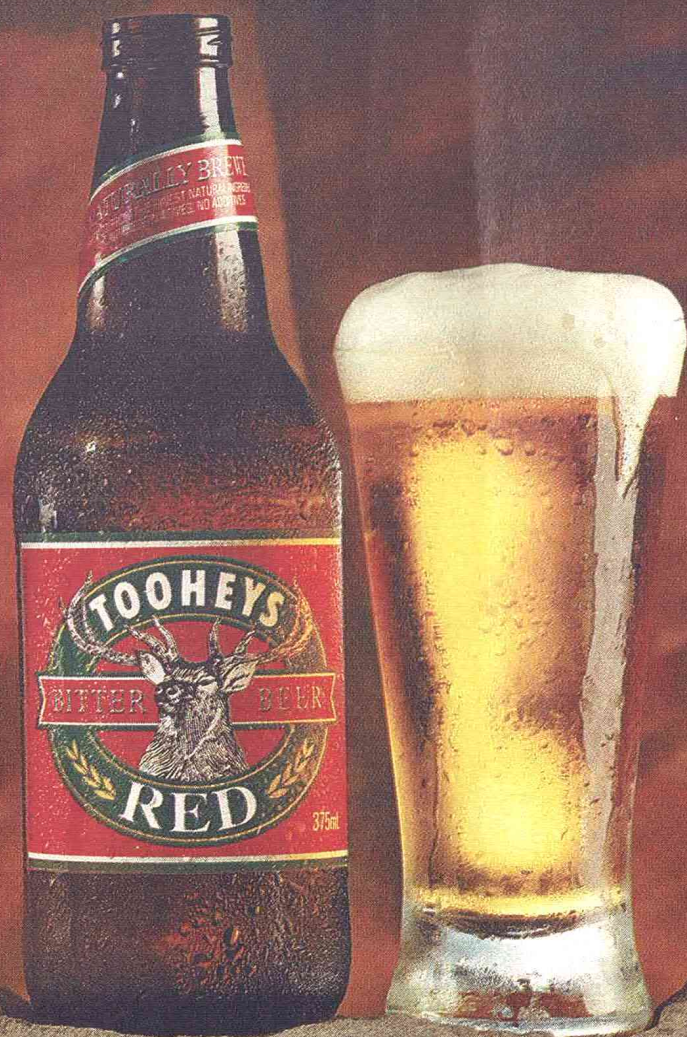
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THE NATURALLY BREWED BITTER.

IS PARIS BURNING?

It is a rare person who is not dazzled by stunningly beautiful Paris. For generations those who visit have fallen in love with this city's architecture, ambience, charm and culture. Yet there is also an underside — one that caters mainly to the fantasies and uninhibited lifestyle of the Parisian.

"Parisians are different from other Europeans and even other Frenchmen," an Australian expatriate living in Paris said to me. "This is a city full of voyeurs. They can get their kicks at any level, either as observers or participants."

The voyeurism starts with Minitel, a small phone computer available to every Frenchman for little more than the rental of the phone itself. On it, for a price-per-minute that can become quite hefty, you can access everything from the telephone directory to a weather report.

There are parts in this that are the equivalent of a "lonely hearts" listing — men and women who would like to meet others of the opposite, or the same, sex for every type of activity. Parisians spend hours contacting each other this way.

Alternately you can call up "Sex" on Minitel and get everything from childish illustrations that only the most desperate would find erotic, to lists of young ladies — and men — offering their services. Prostitution is not illegal in France, but soliciting is. Minitel directory entries are worded so skilfully that they sail close to that line without actually crossing it.

During the day, the Bois de Boulogne is one of the magnificent wooded parks just outside the Perifrique — the ring-road that encircles inner Paris. Elderly people take their exercise there, walking their dogs, and mothers bring the children to play. But later in the day the Bois de Boulogne caters to a different sector of the Parisian population.

At night the traffic is bumper to bumper, crawling along at a snail's pace. Jacques is a young police officer from the Paris vice squad. He explains, in quite good English: "Around this next corner you will start to see the girls. There are 600 of them working the Bois de Boulogne, but only some 30 of these are actually women. The rest are transvestites."

On a cold night these "girls" wear little more than an expensive fur coat, high-heeled shoes and panties. They flout their wares with an exaggerated feminine toss of the head. From time to time they cup their well-rounded breasts in their hands — it is hard to believe that they were once males. Massive injections of female hormones and breast implants have done the rest. "We call that stretch of the Bois de Boulogne Silicon Valley," said Jacques with a grin. "Some of these *travestis* have had more surgery than a heart transplant."

Many of the "girls" are so attractive as to completely fool clients. Jacques says that often, during an arrest, the customers are absolutely incredulous when told that their partners are actually males. Most of the prostitutes working the Bois de Boulogne until 1975 were females. In that year the Brazilian transvestites took over, and since 1982 many have been Colombians, Ecuadorians and Argentinians. The 30 or so real women are now confined to a far corner of the park. If they try to "work" any other area they are beaten up by the transvestites.

On the elegant Avenue Foch where expensive apartments adjoin Middle Eastern embassies, beautifully dressed prostitutes park in their latest-model Mercedes and BMWs. These are French girls who often come from good families and

Beneath the cultured ambience, the City Of Light smoulders

have been through top schools.

A Parisian acquaintance regularly sees Marguerite, a beautiful blonde who caters to a select clientele. She is a 24-year-old graduate of the Dauphine, France's top economics university. Her family has no idea that she is into prostitution. Her aim is to save enough money in a year to go into the export business. Marguerite

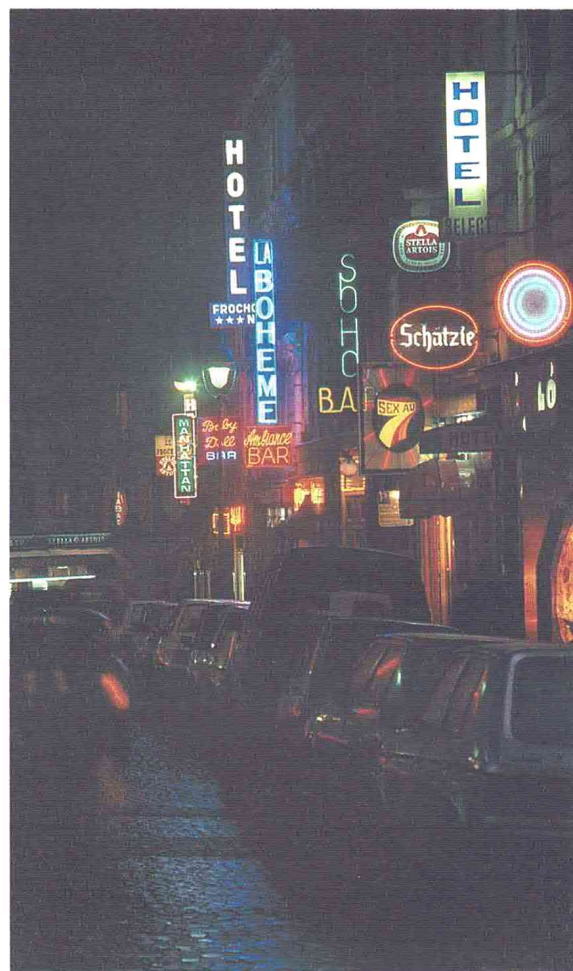


Photo courtesy AP/L

caters to the wealthy — embassy people, doctors, lawyers, architects — most of them married.

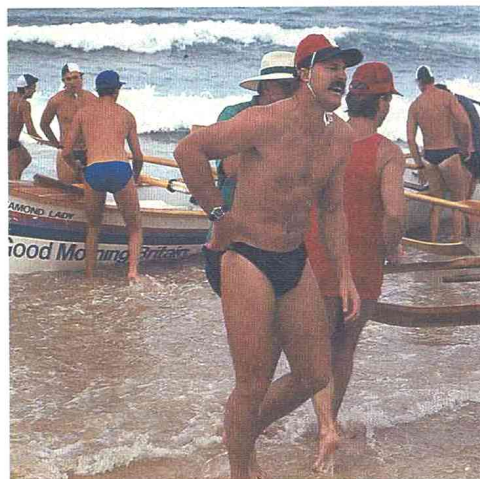
A ten-minute session with the superbly dressed ladies of the Avenue Foch costs 500 to 1000 francs (A\$125-250), a longer encounter being commensurately more expensive. In the Bois de Boulogne the price ranges from 200 to a 1000 francs depending on the services rendered and the standard of the prostitute. How much of this goes to the pimps? None of my French contacts can be sure, but all think it is around 30 percent.

Are the French concerned with AIDS and other health problems? "They seem to think it only affects other people," Jacques comments. Others say that Parisians are more concerned lately, hence the increase in attendance at private clubs where there are far more onlookers than participants. Either way, the seamy side of Paris is thriving — and will continue to do so as long as there are Parisians in that city. — *Walter Glaser*

TOUGH BREAKS

Clubbies. Once they were the undisputed pride of Australian manhood, an international symbol of our sun and salt-encrusted lifestyle. Then along came the surfers, a deviant subculture who ridiculed them mercilessly for their strutting postures and herd mentality, threatening their status as icons of Aussie chic. Suffering an identity crisis that lasted well into the Eighties, the clubbies finally regrouped, grabbed the media's attention and focussed it on the iron men of the surf carnival circuit — marketable golden-haired boys who quickly became household names.

Arguably, though, the real "iron men" of the club scene have been left out in the cold. Clubbie folklore maintains that when they line the boys up to select the surfboat crew by tossing bricks at their heads, the ones who duck don't make it. This is not to suggest that the "boaties" are especially thick; but they are tough bastards, and what they do is dangerous, demanding and difficult. Many hope that the day will come when it'll be their turn to rake in big sponsors' dollars and bask in the limelight. Although the majority of surfboats these days do carry some sort of sponsorship moniker, the



rowers are still getting more exposure in gay magazines and posters than in the straight media — much to their chagrin.

You can trace the history of these boaties back to the turn of the century, when the Sly Brothers of Manly Beach used their fishing boat to haul in drowning bathers. By 1907 Sydney's Bronte Surf Club had the first officially recognised surfboat,

the granddaddy of the thousands that exist today. Curiously, New Zealand is the only other country where these heavy, rigid wooden vessels are rowed through the surf for sport. Scullers from all other parts of the globe prefer to stick to lakes and rivers. If you watch the dramas that unfold around any surf carnival when there's a decent swell happening, it's not hard to work out why.

Like the carnival held at Maroubra in Sydney last summer — an ordinary event just like hundreds of others that are staged around the country on weekends during the summer months. Except that the swell happens to be running at a solid seven feet in the old numbers, and rowing your boat through it isn't going to be any picnic. Big waves smashing limbs on to hard wooden surfaces will often break bones; these surfcraft, steeped in tradition, just aren't designed to protect delicate human tissue. On days like this the body courses with adrenalin; anecdotes of horrendous mishaps are thick in the air as the South Bondi crew prepare to do their stuff in the elimination rounds.

David Lippman, alias "The Worm", remembers his worst moment: "We were coming down a screamer and I looked across and saw the Swansea Caves boat coming straight at us. It went right over me — almost took my head off. Glen and Jason fended it off and dived overboard. They left the rest of us to go down with the ship."

Jason "Juggernaut" Sinnot, the bowman, recalls a carnival when five men ended up in hospital after their boats rammed. "One guy had a steel rowlock through his jaw. Just last week, one of the boys shattered his arm."

Old yarns become fresh memories as the South Bondi crew grip the thick wooden oars and struggle to hold the boat in trim as it rises in the shore swell. A single shot sounds, the five men leap into the hull and take the strain, and the surfboat lunges forward in line with its opponents.

The sweep, Mark "The Beak" Roser, is responsible for steering the thing and letting the rowers know what's going on behind them. "Come on you bastards, pull your fingers out!" he yells anxiously.

"Here comes a set." His crew fight the urge to sneak a look over their shoulders at the wall of green water towering over them. Halfway up the face and the boat tilts to a 60-degree angle, its bow launched high into the air, above the crest of the wave as it



The iron men of surfboat rowing are waiting to make media waves

breaks, enveloping the vessel in white water. The rowers hang momentarily in mid-air before crashing down on to their seats with spine-jarring force, the impact of the hull spraying water in a wide arc either side. They're through.

Others aren't that lucky. A Cronulla boat punches through a wave but the fast-moving water catches a crewman's oar, forcing the handle up and into his chest, flinging him out into the ocean. Other boats are completely swamped, their crews having to dodge pieces of shattered oars as they swim for shore. Boaties from several clubs wade into the shallows to help one crew whose vessel has rolled over on

You have to be extremely fit to be a boatie. Five minutes of solid rowing under these conditions is a good test for the strongest heart. You need courage, too. When there's a wall of water standing over your sweep's head and he's screaming for a superhuman effort, you have to surmount the instinctive desire to bail out and dive for the bottom. And you need discipline — not just the discipline to submit to hard training five days a week in and out of the water, but a willingness to obey the sweep's instructions to the letter, come hell or high water. A lot of men just can't invest that much trust in another human being when their own safety is at risk.

Bondi and a Maroubra boat, out in front of the pack, both catch the same swell. Their crews glare at each other as the wave lifts the sterns of the two vessels and pushes them to a speed the rowers can't match.

"Trail come back," yells The Beak. His boys push their oars over their heads. They tread down the keel like tightrope walkers, careful not to overbalance and send the boat out of control, and sit at the sweep's feet as he tries to steer them into a winning position. But their luck is out; the Maroubra boat is in the part of the wave running closer to shore, and gets propelled over the line just in front.

Photography by Brett Stevens



to a sandbank, creating a suction-cap effect. Glen Stewart, alias "The Member", observes: "I saw a bloke trapped that way once. It took them ages to roll her over. Fortunately he'd found an air pocket."

Mid-afternoon brings the boat race final and the swell is undiminished, the surface choppy. As the crews round the buoys and head back towards the breakers, the crowd screams encouragement. South

Rivalry is strong but not intense. On a day like this, a surfboat crew matching themselves against the ocean and coming back unscathed are entitled to feel pretty satisfied with themselves. — Brett Stevens

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MAD MONEY

A subscriber recently (*Australian Penthouse*, March 1991) took me to task for being too hard on insurance salesmen and too soft on the banks. In the light of recent revelations to the federal banking inquiry I may well have overlooked some of the monumental awfulness of the banks . . . but too hard on insurance salesmen? Who, me?

Once more into the breach of insurance

Greg Downton of Townsville, the miffed reader, may well be an insurance man along the lines of that mythical Mr Nice Guy, the Man from Prudential. I have no doubt there are many who are. I even know one — and do business with him. But I still resent what I pay him, because he does nothing to deserve it. He just happened to be the bloke there when I came in off the street. He filled in the form — ten minutes' work. Eight years later he is still creaming his commission off my savings.

In the life field (ie, not fire, accident and so on) the main function of insurance is to provide a savings discipline the insurance men say we, mere mortals, do not have enough of to maintain regular savings. This is one reason why the life offices usually load up the commission on the first couple of years' premiums. So that, of the first three or four thousand dollars you pay on a standard endowment or superannuation policy, more than half can go to the salesman; and if you want out in the early years, you get very very little of it back.

In recent years the competition for the "better" salesmen (better as judged by the insurance companies, not by the consumers) has been so hot that the life offices have had to pay huge commissions to keep their sales staff working for them and not going off to the opposition. The two biggest offices — the AMP and National Mutual — got so competitive over trying to poach each other's top salesmen they were offering them low-interest, million-dollar loans to change loyalty: loans

which had to be paid for out of the poor old customer's pays in premiums.

The idea of insurance is to lump the individual into the one big pot, along with all the other individuals, thereby making man predictable. I may die of a car accident when I'm 20 and you live until you're 80. Together, that gives both of us an average life of 50. I'm still dead but, if we only count us two, my average life is 50. Weird.

The importance of averaging is most clearly seen in the efforts of some health insurance funds to keep the old (and thus more likely to get sick) out of the fund but to get as many young (and healthy) people in.

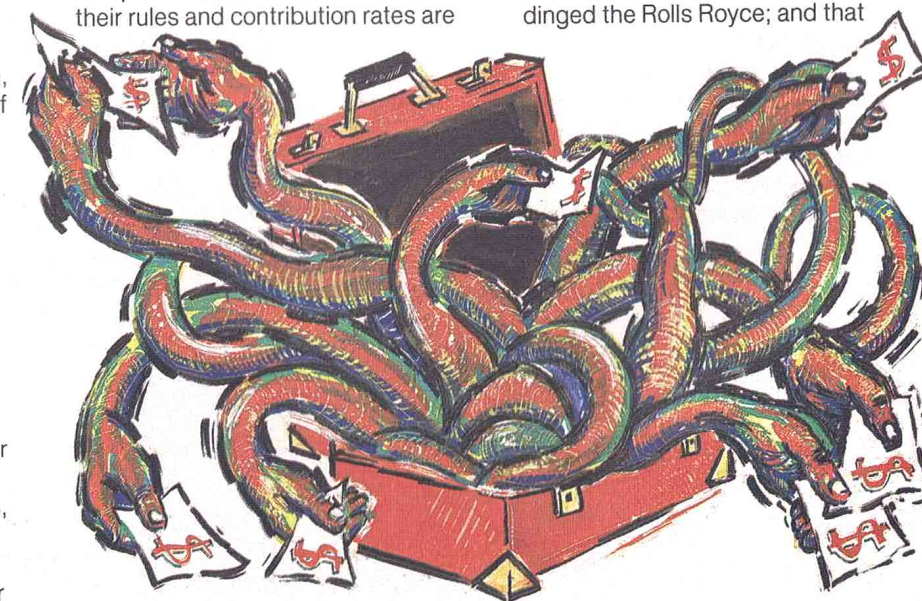
You can work this to your favor — a bit — by doing what I'm doing, now that I'm getting on a bit. I'm thinking of taking up some health insurance. The odds are now that I'm more likely to require expensive hospitalisation, thanks to the past 20 years of hard living, than I was hitherto. If I get in quick enough before my insides collapse I will get the same benefit as a person who has been paying for health cover all those 20 years I haven't.

Of course, the insurance companies are aware of this and their rules and contribution rates are

obverse of this is those who don't sort pay for those who do: every insurance fraud is paid for by other policyholders.

Further, because insurance offices reinsure themselves and the risks they take on, and the reinsurers set their charges according to the claims experience, it doesn't matter if you're insured with AMP and National Mutual is the lucky one that covers Bangladesh. For the next time Bangladesh disappears beneath a disaster, NMLA will claim on the reinsurer, who will then have to up his rates which are paid by AMP, Eagle, GIO, etc, etc — ie, policyholders everywhere. Ultimately, therefore, insurance premiums are as much a function of the experience of the biggest dill of an underwriter as they are of the most prudent operator who only ever insures 80-year-old nuns against AIDS.

So the fabric of any insurance premium is a vast amalgam of: the shine of the agent's new Ford Fairlane; the new computer system for handling your records that doesn't work half as well as old Biddlecombe and his high stool and quill pen; Aunt Flo's third car accident — the one where she dinged the Rolls Royce; and that



so designed to minimise this apparent disadvantage to long-time members — which is only fair. Indeed, there is a praiseworthy principle of general equity underlying insurance: the healthy help the sick, those who don't have their cars stolen help those who do. The

snaggle-toothed idiot dope fiend who burgles video recorders for a living.

So yes, Mr Downton, I suppose I may have been a bit unfair singling your calling out for criticism. You're certainly not the only reader to blame for high insurance premiums: all of them are! — *David Quicksilver*

Illustration by Robert Purnell

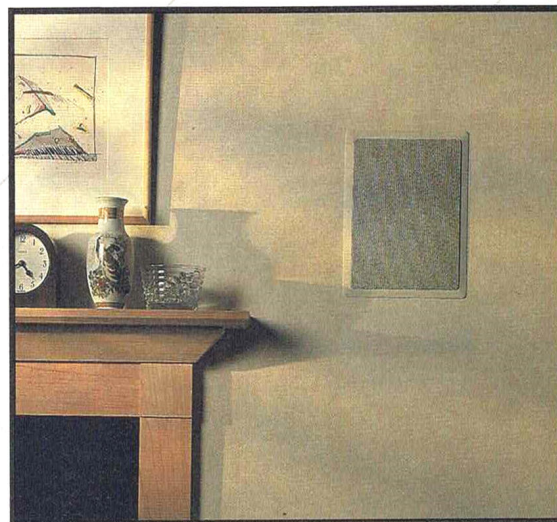
Nikon's latest pocket-sized picture-taker is remarkable for both its size and sophistication. Slim-line styling conceals a host of advanced features, including a 35-80mm power zoom linked to an automatic framing facility so you don't even have to worry about composing. Focusing is automatic, of course, and the exposure control system is clever enough to recognise tricky situations (such as a strongly backlit subject) and correct accordingly. Also on tap are automatic flash operation, a two-shot self-timer and a choice of single-frame or continuous film advance modes. All this can be yours for \$570 from Maxwell Optical Industries. ▼



It ain't cheap, but Sony's DTC-55ES is a tape deck with a difference. Digital audio tape (DAT) cassettes are employed to deliver home recordings with CD-quality sound. Apart from stunningly high quality sound, the DAT format also offers numerous convenience features based on the recording of subcodes. These can be used to insert program numbers and start/finish ID marks which allow quick search and random access facilities. The DTC-55ES is fully remote controlled and has everything the budding home studio engineer could wish for. Watch out for this in coming months and expect to pay \$3000 plus. ▼



Smart-looking sound is promised from Boston Acoustic's in-wall loudspeaker systems which are fitted into cavities to avoid cluttering up the floor (consequently, they're a lot more difficult to pinch). The top-of-the-range Model 380 employs a 20 cm diameter woofer (for plenty of solid bass) combined with a dome tweeter to give clean, crisp treble notes. All you see on the outside is a neat wall (or ceiling) mounted panel and you can locate them all around the house. More details from The Falk Electrosound Group in Sydney. ▼



Your own private juke box is available from Akai in the shape of the CD-A510 compact disc player, which can accommodate six CDs in a special cartridge. Using a remote controller, any track on any disc is immediately accessible and up to 22 selections can be stored to create your own play list. Alternatively, you can just sit back and enjoy around seven hours of non-stop music. To ensure it's enjoyable listening, the Akai employs 16-bit digital processing and four times oversampling (more samples equal better sound). Incidentally, you can buy extra cartridges and use them as a means of storing an entire CD collection. \$399 from Akai Australia.

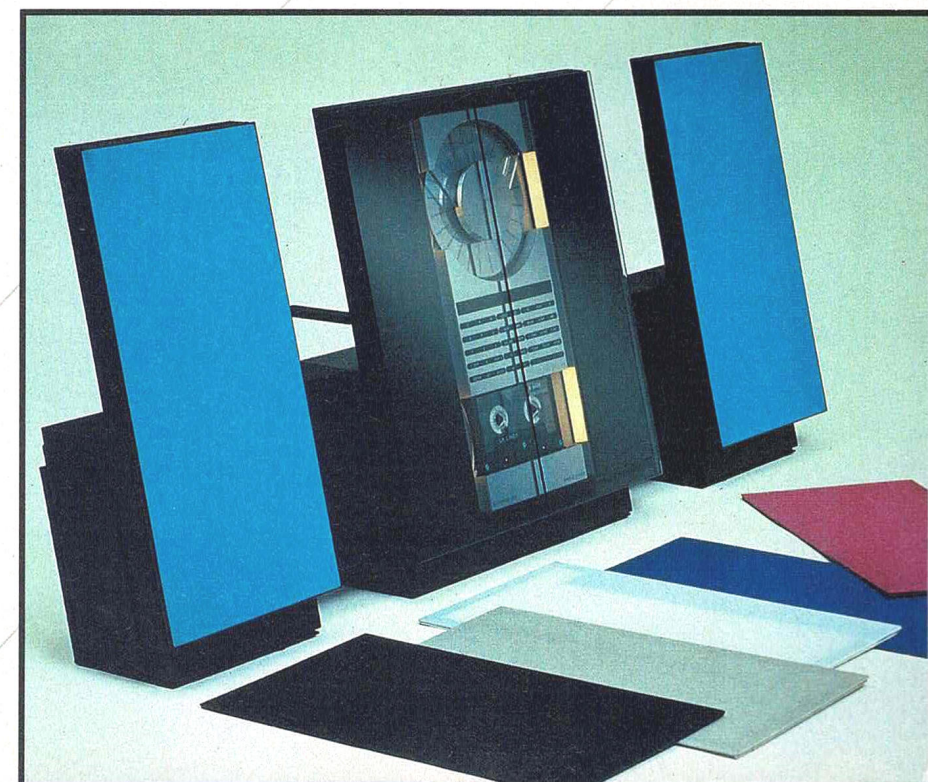


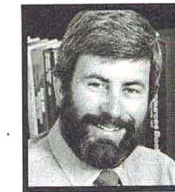
Bicycles are awkward beasts when nobody is aboard as anyone who has tried to personhandle one up a flight of steps will attest. American bike-maker Dahon has come up with a folding design which isn't much bigger than a briefcase when in the foetal position. It takes just under ten seconds to erect, but is fully featured with a stainless steel frame, alloy wheel rims and proper gearing. Handgrips make it easy to carry, but a neat little castor wheel arrangement means it can be pushed around as well. There is a choice of models with pricing starting at a modest \$299. From W.C. Wedderspoon.



It's rare for the Japanese to practise restraint when it comes to the design of audio equipment, but in the case of Pioneer's A-300 and A-400 integrated amplifiers, keep-it-simple has been the order of the day. As a result, Pioneer has produced a pair of amps which have European audiophiles in raptures and have earned the company a swag of awards. Y'see, all the design effort has gone into producing pure distortion-free amplification, which results in extremely accurate sound reproduction. What's more, the minimalist styling and no-nonsense construction has resulted in astoundingly low price tags of \$499 and \$599. Not bad for something which sounds so good.

This is one to impress the neighbors: A vertically oriented hi-fi system with flat panel loudspeakers which is as much a styling exercise as it is sound engineering. The B&O (er, Bang & Olufsen) Beosystem 2500 features a CD player, stereo FM/AM tuner, cassette deck and amplifier. Everything is operated from a central keypad (or remote controller) and there's no need to make connections as the system is a complete unit. What's more, darling, there's even a choice of colored speaker covers (cerise and jade among them) so the system blends in with your decor. ▼





Dr Bob Montgomery is a clinical psychologist with a Melbourne-based consultancy. He is the author of several self-help books and is a regular guest on a variety of radio and TV programs.

Men and anger

Angry young men often don't live to be angry old men

Who do you think gets angry more often — men or women?

Most people would say men do, and that reflects one of the big confusions about anger. Anger is a *feeling*. It is the emotional response you feel when you are provoked or frustrated. I see no evidence that women are less often provoked or frustrated than men are. The real difference is that men are more likely to express their anger by being aggressive.

Aggression is a *behavior*, not a feeling — behavior that is intended to harm or at least frighten. Anger is a feeling that does not have to lead to aggression, even if it often does for men. Anger and aggression should not be confused. Anger can be expressed constructively, as I'll explain shortly. But first, if anger is a normal human emotion, when is it a problem? Try this quick quiz.

Do you get angry often?

When you get angry, are you very angry?

When you get angry, do you stay angry?

When you get angry, do you act aggressively?

Does your anger interfere with your work?

Does your anger interfere with your relationships?

Has your anger affected your health?

The more times you answered "Yes", the more likely it is that you have a problem with anger. In that case, I suggest you do something constructive about it, for your own sake.

The last three items in my quiz pinpoint the risks in an anger problem. Excessive anger interferes with your ability to think straight and perform tasks well. It is disruptive. Excessive anger strains your relationships, at work, at home and elsewhere. No-one likes being bullied or abused. Apologies after a blow-up never take away all the damage that was done. Enough blow-ups and the people on the receiving end learn not to trust you emotionally.

The last item referred to the possible effects of anger on your health. Recent research has found a high correlation between a person's level of anger and the degree of blockage in the blood vessels to his heart. Under the stress of anger your body releases a hormone, adrenalin, into your bloodstream. One of the side-effects of adrenalin is to make your blood cells stickier, so that they clump together and attach to the walls of your blood vessels. If you had suffered a major wound, this would help

prevent you from bleeding to death. But if your conflict is verbal and your wound is emotional, this effect is nudging you towards a heart attack.

But anger can have positive as well as negative functions. It can energise you. It can push you into saying your piece. It tells you something is wrong. It can make you feel powerful, more able to cope. Successfully sticking up for yourself and handling your side of a conflict can strengthen your self-esteem. So how do you get the positive functions of anger while avoiding the negative ones?

First, accept that you are finally responsible for your anger. Other people influence your feelings, but they don't control them. Take an honest look at situations that make you angry. How realistic are your thoughts about them?

"There is a high correlation between anger levels and blood vessel blockage."

Second, when you notice you are getting angry, choose to try to calm down. A very handy practical skill for doing this is the calming response. This consists of four steps that take about six seconds, so you can do it during conversation. The only impact on the other person is that you are being thoughtful, which won't hurt your image. The earlier you try the calming response, the easier it is to use. So look for your own early warning signs of

getting angry and choose to use it.

Here are the four steps:

One, detach from the situation and smile to yourself. This lessens its impact and calms you.

Two, think out loud, inside your head, "Clear head, calm body." Instruct yourself to calm down.

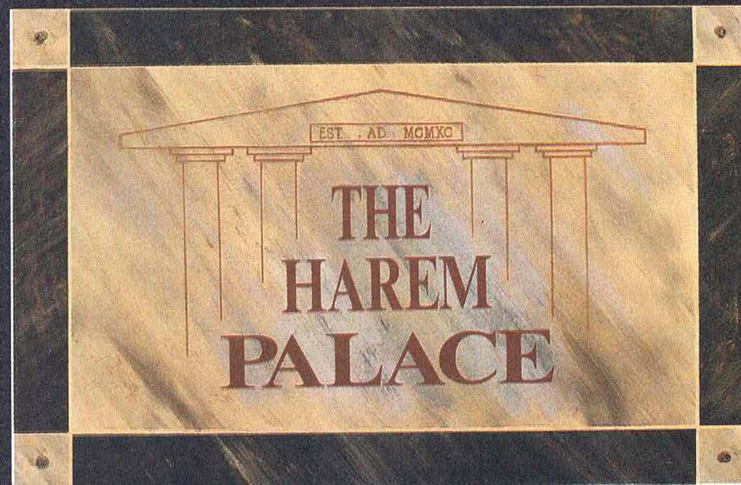
Three, make yourself take in one slow, deep breath.

Four, as you breathe out, let a wave of relaxation flow through your body, from head to toe. Get back in charge of yourself.

The more you practise the calming response, the better you will be at using it. For many situations, it's enough to restore your self-control. If it wasn't, take time out from the situation to cool down. For example: "I'm too angry to discuss this sensibly with you now. I'll call you back in half an hour." Do use your time to cool down by thinking realistically and getting your goals straight. Ask: "What do I really want out of this situation and what's the best way of going after it?"

Having got your anger to a reasonable level, share it constructively. Level, using the formula: "When you do X the effect on me is Y and I feel Z." Like, "When you didn't pass on that message, the customer blamed me, and I'm angry with you." You can add a request, if you want to, like: "The next time a customer calls I'd like you to write down the message for me." You're entitled to feel angry and you *will* share your anger, whether you want to or not. So try to share it in ways that you can feel good about and that are likely to get you what you want.

Sometimes you will feel angry, because you're human. But you don't have to feel unpleasantly angry for long, or have a heart attack. You have choices. 



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**With the age of
thrill killings now
established in Australia,
police are slowly turning
to a controversial US
method of murder
investigation.**

BY PAUL WILSON*

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL MCILVEEN

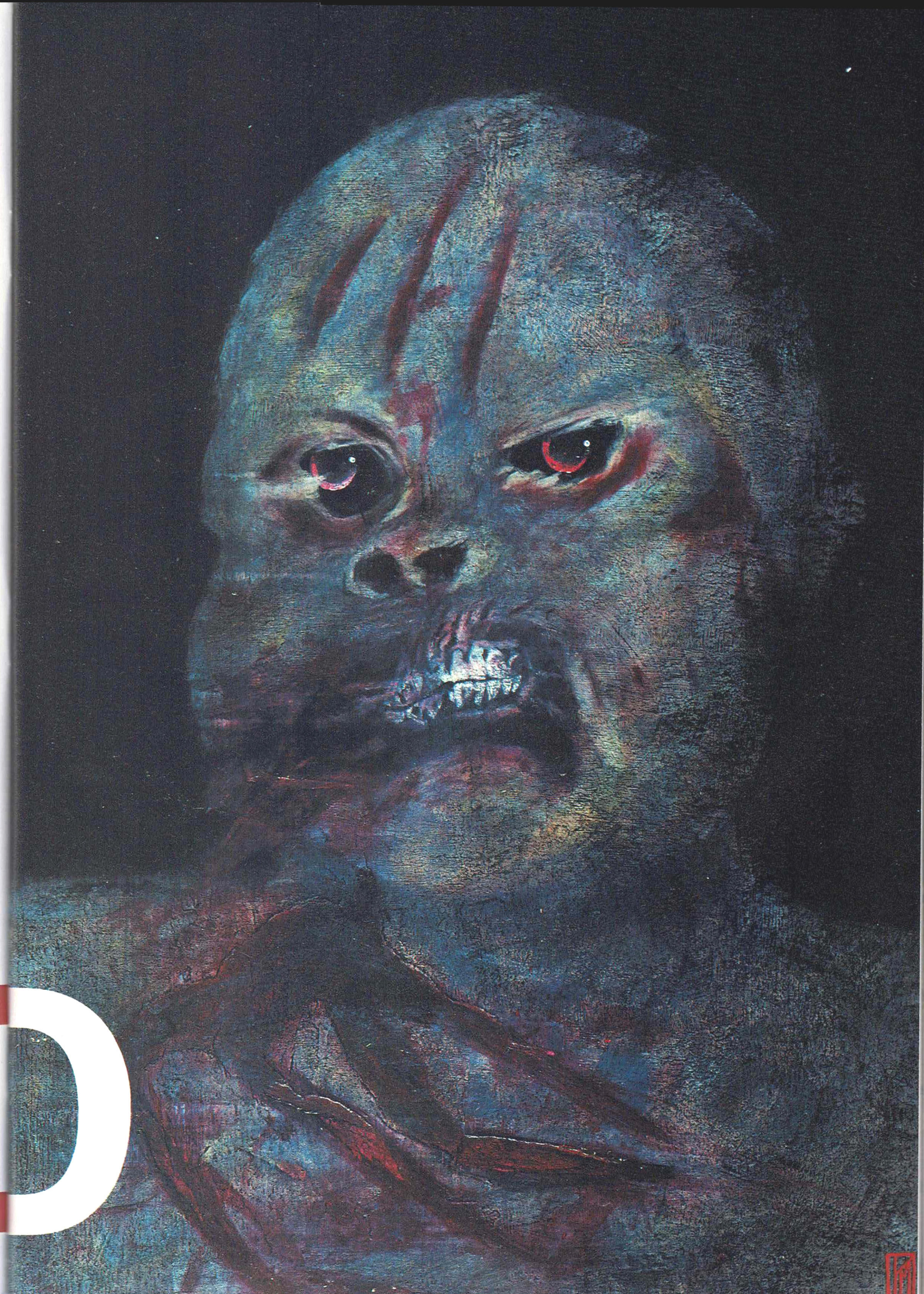
They found the young woman's nude body on the landing of the apartment building where she lived. Even by American standards, the killing was a gruesome one. The woman had been strangled with the strap of her handbag and her face was contorted from the agony of a painful death. Her nipples had been sliced off after she died and placed on her chest, while her body was covered with bite marks and deep cuts.

Scrawled in ink on the inside of her thigh was the declaration *You Can't Stop Me*; the words *Fuck You* were written on her stomach. The woman's panties were pulled over her face and her stockings were tied around her wrists and ankles.

One of the detectives, hardened by numerous murder cases, dry-retched when he saw that an umbrella and a ballpoint pen had been stuffed into the woman's vagina and that a hair comb had been neatly placed in her pubic hair. The victim's earrings had been carefully arranged on both sides of her head, emphasising the ritualistic nature of the killing.

The local police chief had never seen a murder quite like this. But he was an educated man and had read in police journals all about the FBI's new "profiling" services. The federal cops apparently had ways of drawing up profiles of people who committed bizarre killings, such as this one right here on his patch.

PROFILES IN BLOOD



PROFILES

When the FBI profilers arrived they quickly reached some conclusions. It was apparent that the killer had not planned his crime. For a start, everything used in the mutilation and murder — the ballpoint pen, the comb, the purse strap — belonged to the victim. The killer had not brought a knife or gun or even a piece of rope with him.

The profilers considered it important that sperm was not found in the vagina, but instead was sprayed over the woman's body. This was a man, they believed, who had fantasised for a number of years about performing a sexual act over the mutilated body of a dead woman.

The profilers reckoned that this murder was an extremely high-risk crime. The apartment was easily observable by neighbors and it was also possible for others in the building to see who used the stairs or the lifts. The time taken by the killer to mutilate the body, to remove the earrings and then to place them in a symmetrical fashion by the side of the head also increased his risk of being apprehended.

The conclusion from those facts was clear: the offender felt comfortable in the apartment complex, probably had been there before, and was fairly sure no-one would interrupt his grisly work.

The way the body was mutilated and the fact that no weapons were brought to the scene told the profilers other things about the killer. He had not stalked this particular victim — it was obviously an opportunistic killing. Yet the cops remained sure that the murderer had fantasised about committing such an act for years.

Indeed, it was probable that his sadistic ritualistic fantasy had totally dominated his life for weeks prior to his finding a victim. When he had stumbled on a woman alone, the plan he had rehearsed in his mind for so long unfolded like a well-worn habit.

There was, for example, no need to tie the woman's hands because pathology reports determined that she'd already been rendered unconscious. Even when she was dead, the killer had continued to strangle her. The planned, ritualistic way he arranged her earrings and scrawled on her body demonstrated, yet again, that the killer had mentally rehearsed such manoeuvres many times.

Armed with these observations, and a great deal more information about the killing, the FBI officers began to draw up a profile of the murderer. They drew on their computer data banks, which held a massive amount of information on similar types of killings that occurred around the USA over the last ten years. They also consulted the detailed interviews they'd conducted with many of the infamous serial

killers they'd dealt with in the past. They assembled their facts carefully, using the systematic techniques the FBI Centre for the Analysis of Violent Crime had developed when they invented the profiling process.

The profile of the woman's killer constructed by the FBI was this: he would be a white male, aged between 25 and 35, and of average appearance. He would not have a military history and would most probably be a high school or college dropout. The man, the profile suggested, would be either unemployed or a blue-collar worker, and would have difficulty keeping up a long-standing relationship with a woman. He would, most probably, be single but not necessarily living alone.

The sexual acts determined that the murderer would hate women, although he had committed the crime not because of rejection, but more likely because of a morbid curiosity fuelled by his devious fantasies. The crime scene suggested that the murderer felt justified in his actions and left the victim in a humiliating position, just as he wanted her to be found.

Given that the murder took place at 6.30 in the morning and the killer did not think he would arouse suspicion by being in the apartment building, the profilers were convinced that the man either lived in the complex or was visiting the building on business.

The local police interviewed more than 2000 people, checked records of known sex offenders and visited mental hospitals to check on past or present patients who might have been involved in bizarre sexual crimes. All this met with no success. The FBI profilers then told the police to look especially for a killer who might try to involve himself in the investigation by volunteering information or otherwise appearing to be helpful. Based on their past experience of this type of murder, they knew that mutilation killers often gained intense satisfaction by ingratiating themselves with the police.

With this additional information, the profile generated by the FBI and the interviews already conducted, the local police narrowed down their list of suspects to 22 people.

One man stood out from the others on the list. He was the son of a man who lived down the hall in the same apartment building as the victim. A 30-year-old unmarried white male and unemployed actor, he had never been in the military, had no girlfriend, and was described as being insecure with women. The man had been receiving psychiatric treatment for depression and repeated suicide attempts at the local psychiatric hospital, but was absent without permission on the day of the murder. During the course of the investigation he volunteered a good deal of useless or irrelevant information.

After further investigations, the suspect was charged with murder, convicted of

the crime, and is currently serving a life sentence.

I met Robert Ressler in November 1990 at a special seminar organised by the NSW Police to introduce Australian law officers to the technique of profiling. Now in his mid-50s, Ressler is a big, tough-looking man who projects a sense of power and authority. He's also very sharp and his laconic, laid-back style of lecturing captivated the 100-strong audience assembled at the Sydney Police Centre.

A 20-year veteran of the FBI, Ressler took early retirement to begin his own consulting practice. Now he jetsets around the globe, helping police solve complicated murders and teaching them the rudiments of the profiling techniques he helped develop during his time at the Bureau.

During the early Seventies, Ressler and his colleagues began to notice a rise in the number of "thrill" killings in the United States. Often women — and young males as well — were not only sexually violated; their bodies were horribly mutilated as well. When the killers were captured, police invariably found they'd killed time and time again and considered their murderous sprees almost as a recreation or sport.

The FBI agents then began a project that no police force in the world had tried before. They started to interview the killers

systematically, recording their responses in a manner that allowed them to analyse the answers by computer.

"We wanted to find out what factors predisposed these guys," Ressler recalls. "What went on after the assault? What did they do after the crime? What souvenirs did they take?" And, oddly enough, the FBI men found that the mass murderers actually enjoyed talking to them. "They'd get all glassy-eyed," says Ressler. "One of the guys even wanted John [his partner] and me to stay for dinner."

What became clear from these interviews was that repeat thrill killers displayed patterns in both the way they carried out their crimes and the fantasies they held months, or years, before their first murder.

"All my life I knew I was going to end up killing," one of their subjects told the investigators. Another man, who had committed eight gory murders, recounted to Ressler his decade-long fantasy about disposing of the bodies of young women. "The only guy that gets more casual around a body than me is a mortician or pathologist," he said. "But some of my fantasies were so bizarre that they would turn the stomach of a pathologist."

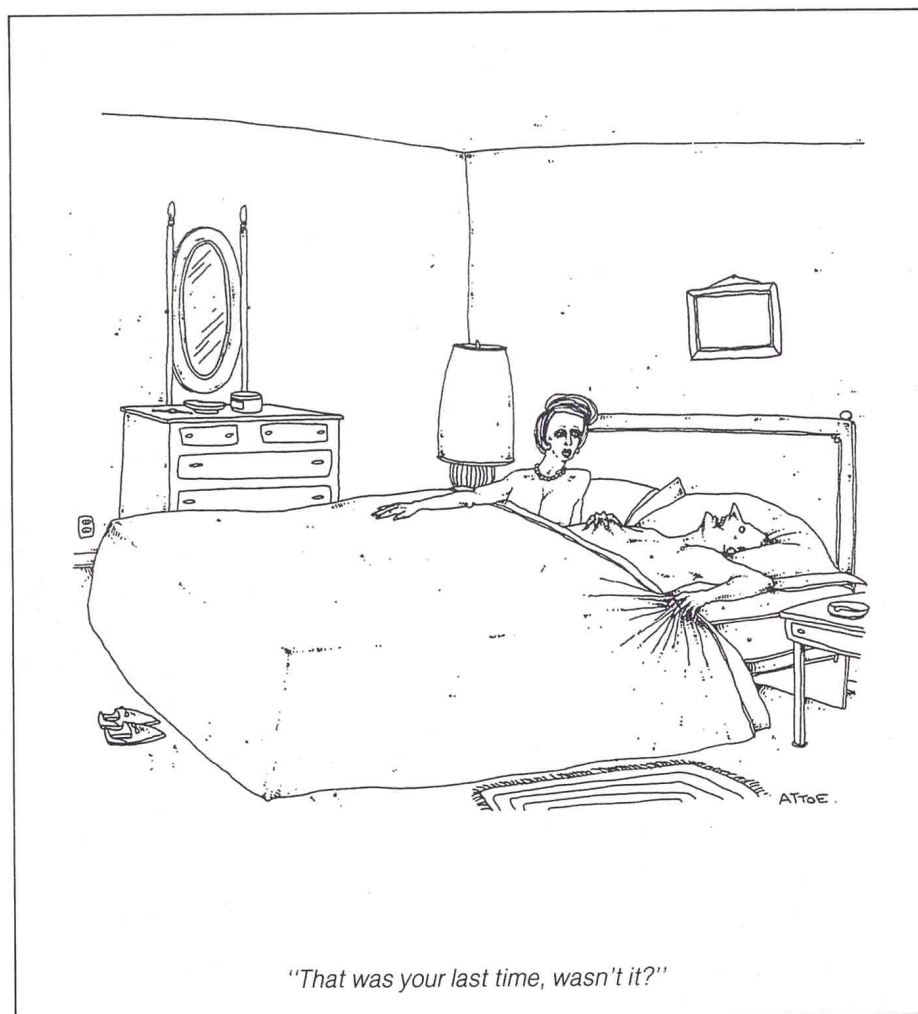
After scores of interviews and thousands of hours of analysing murder scenes, the FBI officers drew a basic distinction between "organised" and "disorganised" killers. Generally, an organised

murderer was one who planned his murders in a deliberate way and who displayed control of the victim at the death scene. A disorganised murderer, on the other hand, lacked a specific plan and the scene of his killing displayed a lack of control.

These were crude and very general categories. But during the late Seventies and early Eighties their typologies became far more sophisticated. They discovered that different sorts of killers left particular signs during the commission of a crime. The way the body was left, the sexual acts committed, the type of bite marks on the victim, and a hundred other factors gave the investigators real clues about the behavior and personality characteristics of the murderer. These characteristics could then be checked with computer records of similar crimes.

In the profiling process a personality "map" of the killer is constructed — but only after extensive checking and re-checking of the facts. The process used by the profilers is similar to that used by doctors to make a diagnosis and treatment plan: information is collected and assessed, the situation reconstructed, ideas formed and checked by further tests or evidence, and the results reported back so the profile can be refined.

Ressler admits that initially it was a tough battle to establish the viability of criminal profiling among the law enforce-



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PROFILES

ment brigade. Many detectives scoffed at the idea of drawing profiles, arguing that every killer was different. But as case after case was solved by the FBI officers, the voice of dissent became more muted.

The questions Ressler and his colleagues are most often asked relate to what makes a serial killer tick. What social or psychological forces, for example, made Wayne Gacy, a respected businessman who dabbled in politics, brutally murder 29 young men and bury them under his house? How could a man as presentable and intelligent as Ted Bundy possibly stalk and dispose of a score of young women?

The profilers are men who deal in facts, not conjecture. Their answer is to point to the common characteristics of the hundreds of mass murderers they have extensively interviewed. One of the most significant findings from their studies is that invariably, serial killers have either spent time in juvenile homes or prisons, are illegitimate or have been adopted.

Most of the killers have also suffered some type of abuse as children — either sexual, physical or emotional. A great many of them have what the psychologists call "distorted or confused maternal bonds." Here, the mother has been absent for long periods or has been extremely promiscuous, while the father has been weak and disinterested in the child.

Then there is the age factor. Most of these killers are white males between 25 and 34 and are considered "clever" if not exceptionally intelligent. Some, like Ted Bundy, are handsome and charismatic, and display an obsessive interest in police work.

They're also likely to have an intense preoccupation with the art of murder. Many will assemble elaborate scrapbooks containing media information about their own crimes or other related homicides. They also are interested in literature on crime and deviant behavior, and are often fascinated by biographies of people like Adolf Hitler and Joseph Stalin.

But these common characteristics are not explanations of why men — and occasionally women — kill again and again and again. Elliot Leyton, a researcher who has closely studied most of America's major serial killers, theorises that mass murderers kill in order to create a sense of identity or purpose. People like Ted Bundy, for example, have a desire to succeed and when this desire is thwarted, the anger and hate they built up during their disturbed childhood explodes into a carnage of death and destruction.

No-one really knows whether that theory is valid. But what the FBI profilers do know is that evil manifests itself in distinct patterns of behavior. So-called "senseless" murders are not senseless and gratuitous at all — at least, not in the mind of the of-

fender. When the killer mutilates the victim or mixes violence with "kindness" (by, for example, placing a pillow under the victim's head), these actions are logically connected.

The serial murderer knows that what he plans to do is vicious and that if he does murder brutally he will be seen as almost sub-human. While he doesn't want to see himself that way — or be seen that way by others — the intense desire he has to kill means that he cannot logically deny the fact that he is a sadistic killer. So he kills to confirm his deviance, then tries to demonstrate "kindness" in order to show to himself — and others — that he is not really sub-human. This is why contradictory behaviors abound in the actions of serial killers. They carry on everyday normal actions, displaying care and concern, in between mutilating and dismembering their victims.

The contradictions within the killers' psyches, however, are often their undoing. For no matter how hard they try to display the trappings of normality, their obsession with killing is always preoccupying.

Often the FBI profilers and local police have found items from the bodies of the victims in the killers' homes. These souvenirs are ones which have a special sexual meaning, such as various articles of underwear or other fetish objects. Ressler and his colleagues recount the story of one killer who kept the feet of his victims in his freezer because a woman's foot in a high-heeled shoe provided him with intense sexual excitement.

Australian police were formally introduced to the art of profiling on February 13, 1986. At a Police Medical Officers' Conference in Sydney, Richard Walters, an American colleague of Ressler and an internationally recognised expert on the psychology of sex killers, analysed one of Australia's most brutal murders.

What was fascinating about this case was that although the NSW Police had solved it and a suspect had been duly convicted, they did not fully understand why the killer had committed such despicable atrocities on the victim.

The case involved the mutilation murder of Wollongong teenager Kim Barry. Miss Barry went missing after having been out one night to a city disco. Her naked body was discovered two days later at the bottom of a high cliff. The young woman's fingers and head were missing from the body. Three weeks later her skull was uncovered about seven kilometres from where the decapitated torso was found. Though convicted of the crime, coal miner Graham Potter refused to co-operate with the police or discuss the killing.

Richard Walters, after surveying the police investigation, came to the conclusion that Kim Barry's killer was an experienced murderer who had planned the

Continued on page 96

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"I've travelled around a lot," says Carole Phelps, 25. "Not backpacking — just moving from city to city and state to state doing different jobs. I find it really hard to stay in one place any length of time and I love being on the road."



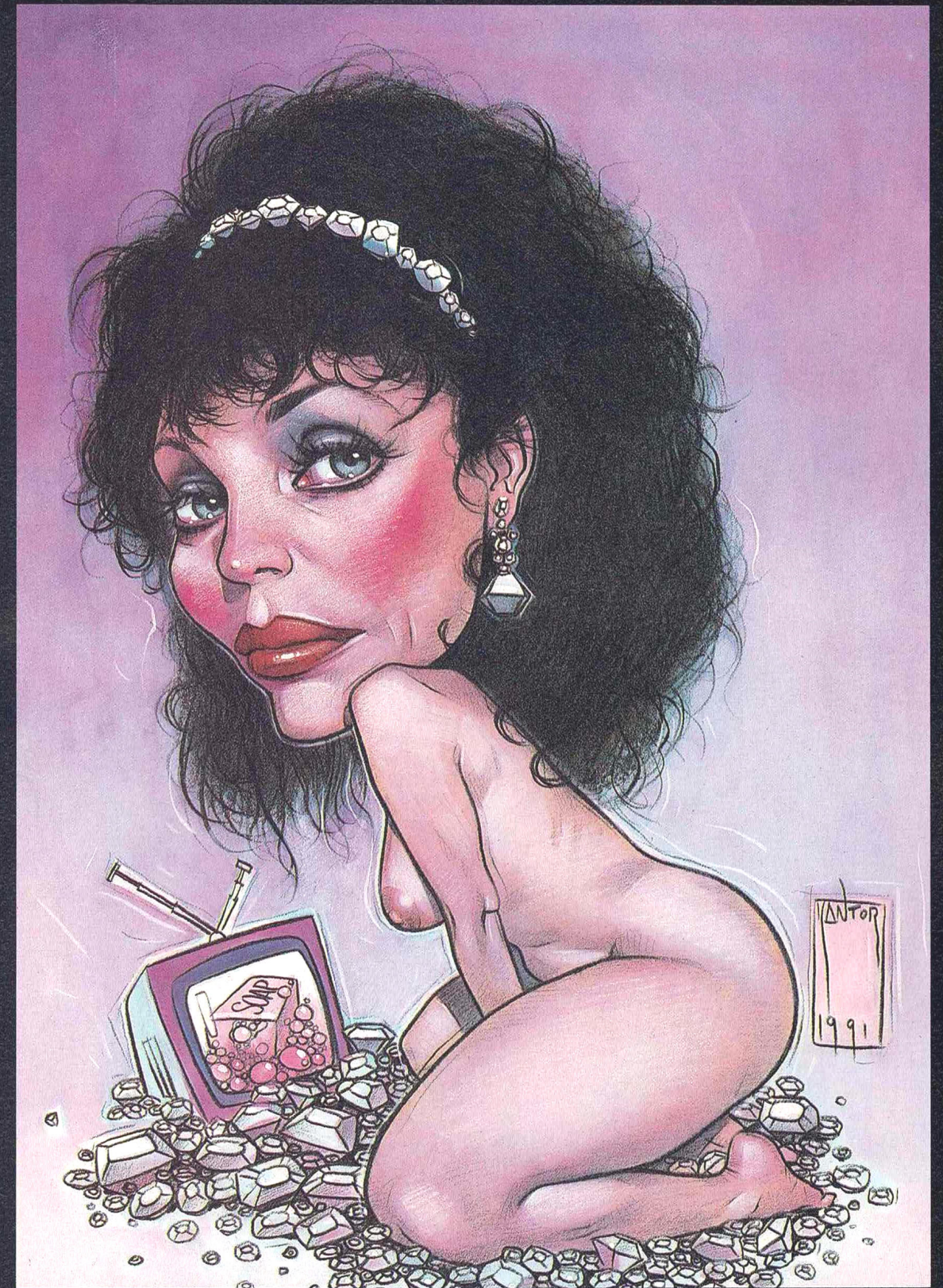
Carole speaks French and German as well as English, and usually she works as a barmaid, although she's done things like fruitpicking too, when she's had to. "I'm completely adaptable," she says. "I do whatever is required of me, but most of the time I like to be out and about. I love people too much to hide away in an office."







KANTOR'S



CELEBRITY SKINS

Joan Collins



BY KIRK WILLCOX

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK WORRELL

**Forget passive resistance.
Gung-ho greenies are
starting to fight dirty.**

Radical Green

It was going to be the ultimate stunt. It had all the elements of high drama and, most importantly for television, it was even life-threatening. Ian Cohen, 39, environmental activist and two-time Federal Senate candidate, famous for surfing nuclear battleships, was going to ride his board through the Malabar sewerage works, Sydney's main ocean outfall. Camouflaged, Cohen was going to slip into the plant unnoticed, disguised as a Large Ordinary Surf Turd (LOST). Inside the plant he would head straight for the sedimentation tanks and, as a pre-released press statement informed the media: "He will then risk his life by surfing through the final screening process, along the tunnel under Malabar and through the outfall into the ocean."

Green

"I want to show the people of Sydney that turds as big as a man can fit through the existing system," Cohen said.

The stunt was planned for a Saturday in March 1990, coinciding with an Open Day at the plant which was being graced by NSW Premier Nick Greiner. The media thronged outside the wire gates of the sewerage complex as Cohen, clad from head to toe in wetsuit gear, plastic bags and toilet paper, and armed with his trusty surfboard, was blocked by security.

As the cameras rolled, Cohen tried to talk his way in, but to no avail. Just then Greiner, grinning self-consciously, was whisked into the compound by his parliamentary driver, and the footage went to air that night on three channels. Cohen got his point across that the plant needed to be upgraded to full secondary treatment and that the Water Board had to crack down on all toxic industrial waste being allowed legally into the sewers.

Cohen actually had no intention of surfing through the sewerage system. He knew he probably would have been killed. But the media thought he was dead serious — one of the networks even turned up with a waterproof camera. And Cohen isn't known for reticence when it comes to environmental stunts. Not only has he ridden the bow of nuclear battleships twice — in

Brisbane and Sydney — he also upstaged Bob Hawke during the 1987 Federal election campaign. While Hawke was doing a good impersonation of Lord Nelson as he rode astride a naval barge from Kirribilli House to the Sydney Opera House to launch his policy speech, Cohen went along for a free ride on his surfboard.

While Cohen is a high-profile campaigner, basically relying on imaginative theatrics, there are many more anonymous gung-ho activists whose weapons are direct sabotage, whether it be pouring sugar into the fuel tank of a forestry bulldozer or driving spikes into trees. In America they're known as "monkeywrenchers" (after a 1975 novel by Edward Abbey about environmentally-minded saboteurs called *The Monkey Wrench Gang*) and their actions, amounting to virtual guerrilla warfare against loggers, miners and others, have been dubbed "ecotage." They prefer "ecodefence."

The amount of damage they cause is difficult to assess, and much of it isn't reported, to keep down industry insurance rates, but in the US forestry business alone, annual damage estimates range from \$20-\$25 million. One incident alone, in Hawaii in 1985, caused \$250,000 worth of damage to a woodchipper after it was firebombed to prevent one of America's last remnants of tropical rainforest being reduced to fuel for the sugar industry. Ecotage damage in Oregon's forests aver-

ages out at \$60,000 a hit, with some incidents causing up to \$100,000 worth of carnage.

Despite claims by government and industry officials that trees were "spiked" in the recent campaign to save the forests of South-East NSW, one of the main protest groups, the Wilderness Society, denies the allegations. Likewise, the executive director of Greenpeace Australia, Paul Gilding, says there have been few incidents of tree spiking in Australia, although it's a favorite weapon of American "ecoteurs."

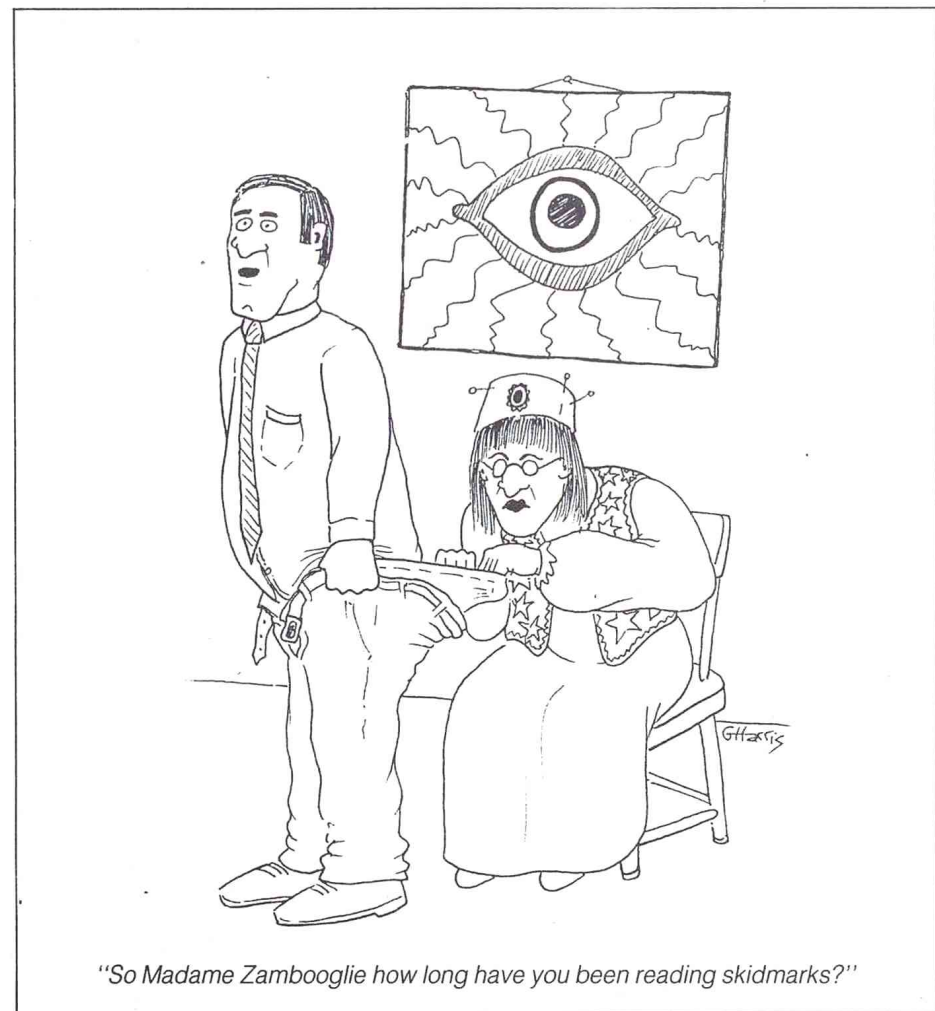
"It's not a major issue but I think it will become one in future years," Gilding reckons. While he doesn't think personal violence is on the agenda in Australia, he wouldn't be surprised to see an increase in physical sabotage in years to come, "though" he adds, "not ever from Greenpeace."

So what is tree spiking? While it has been presented in the Australian media as being designed to injure forestry workers, that isn't the philosophy behind it. Although it had been apparently going on quietly for several years in America, it first came to prominence in 1984 when the Forest Service was informed that about 1000 20-penny nails had been driven into trees due for sale in a wilderness area. The Service had to spend thousands of dollars removing the nails. While basically harmless to the trees, the spikes can damage chainsaws and expensive band saws in the mill. Ecoteurs hope the cost of removing the spikes will be so great that the trees will be left alone.

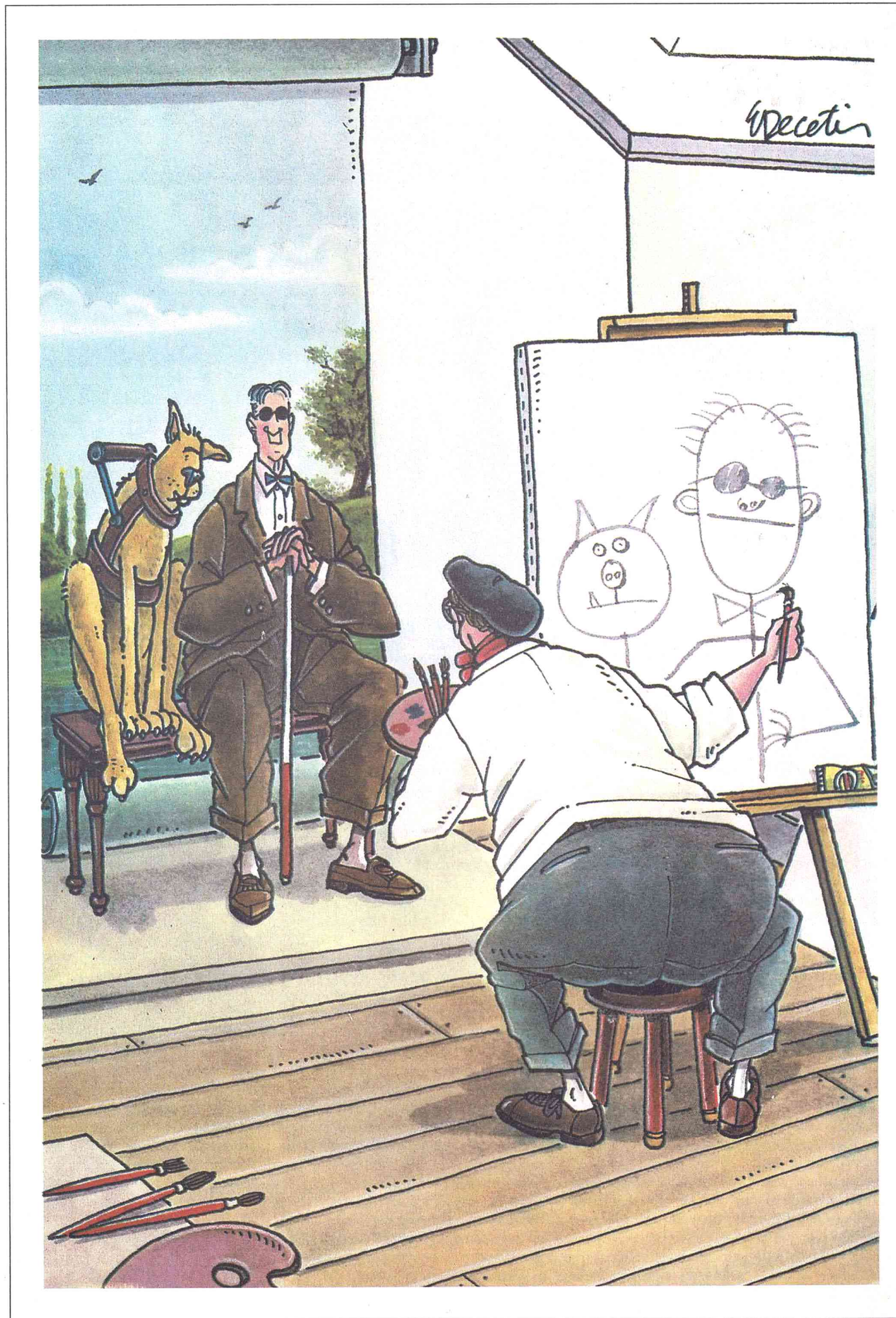
Tree spiking made big newspaper headlines in 1987 after a worker in Louisiana-Pacific's mill in Cloverdale, California was seriously injured when a spike shattered a band saw. The radical environmental group Earth First! was blamed, but they counter-charged that tree spikers always informed timber companies of their activities, aiming to prevent logging, not harm workers. The tree itself was a second-growth redwood, not the virgin timber Earth First! wants to protect, and many radical greenies claimed the company itself had planted the spike to conjure up public sympathy.

But in an ironic twist, the injured mill worker, George Alexander, said from his hospital bed he supported Earth First!'s demand that Louisiana-Pacific stop clear-cutting redwood forests. His subsequent status with the company is unknown.

Earth First!'s co-founder, Dave Foreman, was arrested in May 1989 on a charge of conspiracy to destroy an energy facility, an offence carrying up to five years in prison and a \$10,000 fine. Three other activists were also arrested after the group was infiltrated by the FBI. Two of them, Mark Davis and Marc Baker, were apprehended at the base of a power line tower near the Central Arizona Project, a \$3 billion enterprise which will carry water from the Colorado River across 500 kilo-



"So Madame Zambooglie how long have you been reading skidmarks?"



metres of desert to Phoenix and Tucson. About 50 FBI agents had been waiting for the trio and they shot off a night flare to find them. (The Colorado River, ironically, is a breeding ground for that declining symbol of America, the Bald Eagle.) Foreman was in bed in his Tucson home when he was arrested at gunpoint the following morning. Peg Millett, who was with Davis and Baker but had escaped, was picked up the following day.

Davis, Baker and Millett are charged with destruction of an energy facility, destruction of government property, destruction of property which affects interstate commerce, and conspiracy. If convicted, they could each be sentenced to 35 years jail and fined \$80,000.

The day after the arrests, the FBI held a press conference in Phoenix to announce their coup, emphasising "terrorism" and "organised crime." During the following week, at least 15 other Americans connec-

ted with the environment movement in four states were served with subpoenas and questioned. Earth First! members in Montana were harassed by Federal police, and FBI and Forest Service agents raided a Colorado house which had been a meeting place of the Wild Rockies branch of the movement — both operations in relation to tree spiking incidents.

Apparently the FBI started looking into the group after power lines to the Palo Verde nuclear power plant were damaged in 1986. Further incidents, though not necessarily connected, occurred at a San Francisco Mountain ski resort, where pylons were cut on two separate occasions, and on power line poles leading to three uranium mines near the Grand Canyon.

The FBI infiltrated Earth First! at the beginning of 1988 and several undercover agents gathered 500 hours of tape from phone taps, household bugs, and body wire recordings. Earth First! believes the FBI set up and framed the four activists "with the intention of both eliminating the

'masterminds' within environmental circles and discrediting the movement."

Earth First! is a national network of militant activist groups ranging from Malthusian survivalists urging a "warrior society" to red/greens. (English political economist T.R. Malthus, who died in 1834, held the view that population, which was tending to increase faster than the means of subsistence, should be checked by social and moral constraints.) According to writer Milton Cockburn, Foreman founded Earth First! "at precisely the moment he felt that as a Wilderness Society lobbyist in Washington, all he was doing was helping the government's Forestry Department and the timber industry regulate their dealings."

Foreman is also the author of *Ecodefence: A Field Guide To Monkeywrenching*, the handbook for the serious ecoteur which has spread around the world. A standard disclaimer says Ecodefence is for "entertainment" purposes only: "No-one involved with the production of this book — the editors, contributors, artists, printers, or anyone — encourages anyone to do any of the stupid, illegal things contained herein."

Ecodefence was first published in 1985 and updated in 1987. In the intro to the second edition, Foreman says monkeywrenching has become a common tactic against the destruction of the wild and the spread of urban cancer. "There have been tree spiking incidents in National Forests in all of the western states and in several eastern states. In some cases the Forest Service has gone to great expense to remove spikes from trees so timber sales could proceed; in other cases, timber sales have been quietly withdrawn. Tree spikings have also occurred in Canada and Australia."

Detailed instructions in *Ecodefence* range from tree and road spiking (designed to spear truck tyres) to burning machinery and making stink bombs.

Greenpeace's Paul Gilding believes that "as the environmental crisis gets worse we're going to see more and more people moving in that direction." In Australia? "Yes, but more so overseas I imagine, because we do have a reasonably democratic system here. It's clear the frustration in the US is rising and I wouldn't be at all surprised to see a much harder line taken by environmentalists."

Whatever their direct effect turns out to be, there's no doubt that the radical environmentalists — the characters operating on the fringe of the mainstream environment groups, or even operating one-out — make the lobbying job easier for the main players, whose demands, by comparison, look conservative.

Ian Cohen, for one, knows the value of lobbyists and information disseminators, but he's fed up with "the many people in

Rednecks' Revenge

The co-founder of Earth First!, Dave Foreman, publicly quit the radical green organisation last August, saying he was no longer needed. Foreman, now 44 and a former US Marine, had hoped to set up a sort of "rednecks for wilderness" organisation back in 1980, composed of all-American, beer-swilling outdoorsmen in cowboy boots, dedicated to covert defence of the untrammelled American West. These creatures certainly existed, but — especially in California — they were being overrun by feminists and hippies. Foremost among these is a middle-aged former student radical and union activist named Judi Bari, who now lies in a hospital bed with a shattered pelvis, and was for a time the prime suspect in her own near-fatal car bombing last May.

Bari was the prime mover behind Earth First!'s largest and most ambitious campaign ever, operation Redwood Summer. As soon as it was announced, Bari and other organisers started getting death threats — but she'd already tasted redneck terror back in August 1989, when the driver of a logging truck which she'd helped blockade the previous day slammed her from behind, hurtling her Mazda into a parked pickup van and crumpling it like an accordion. Bari suffered concussion and her two children had lacerations to their heads. Initially she thought it was an accident — but later remembered the truck driver's first shouted words as he ran up to the mangled car: "The children! I didn't see the children!" Bari sent photos and licence numbers to the local District Attorney, asking for an investigation, but received no reply.

Nine months later, on May 24, 1990 in Oakland, California, a pipe bomb exploded under the driver's seat of her Subaru wagon. The blast devastated the car, almost blinded her activist partner Darryl Cherney, and shattered her pelvis. Doctors initially thought they'd have to remove her colon and stitch her to a colostomy bag, but they managed to save it; however, she remains in agonising pain and her leg is still paralysed.

Just 24 hours after the blast, Oakland police arrested Bari and Cherney for "illegal possession and transport of explosives." Local media were generally quick to accept the "ecoterrorist" explanation, to the effect that the pair had inadvertently blow themselves to smithereens; after all, Earth First! was a radical outfit and even though it had no history of involvement with guns or explosives or violence against adversaries, the head of the (conservative) National Wildlife Federation had once called its members "outlaws" and "terrorists."

But the prosecution case leaked like a sieve. Apart from anything else, if Bari and/or Cherney intended to stage a fake bombing attack on Earth First! to gain publicity, why the hell would they use a potentially lethal anti-personnel bomb — one that contained nails? However, the pair remained prime suspects in their own bombing for eight weeks before the Oakland DA admitted there was insufficient evidence to press charges.

Bari herself left no doubt as to her own suspicions when she remarked caustically: "I want the FBI to find the bomber — and fire him."

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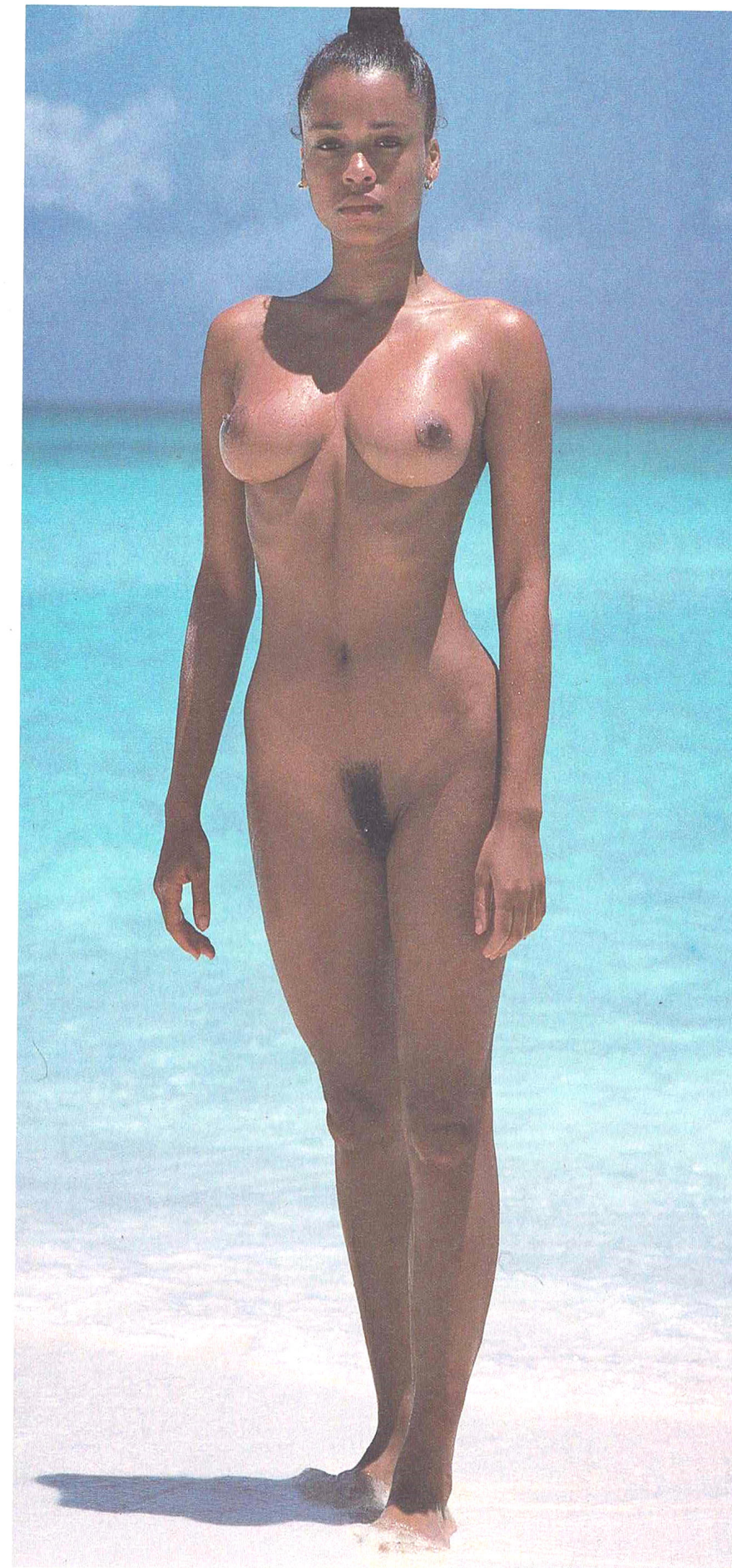
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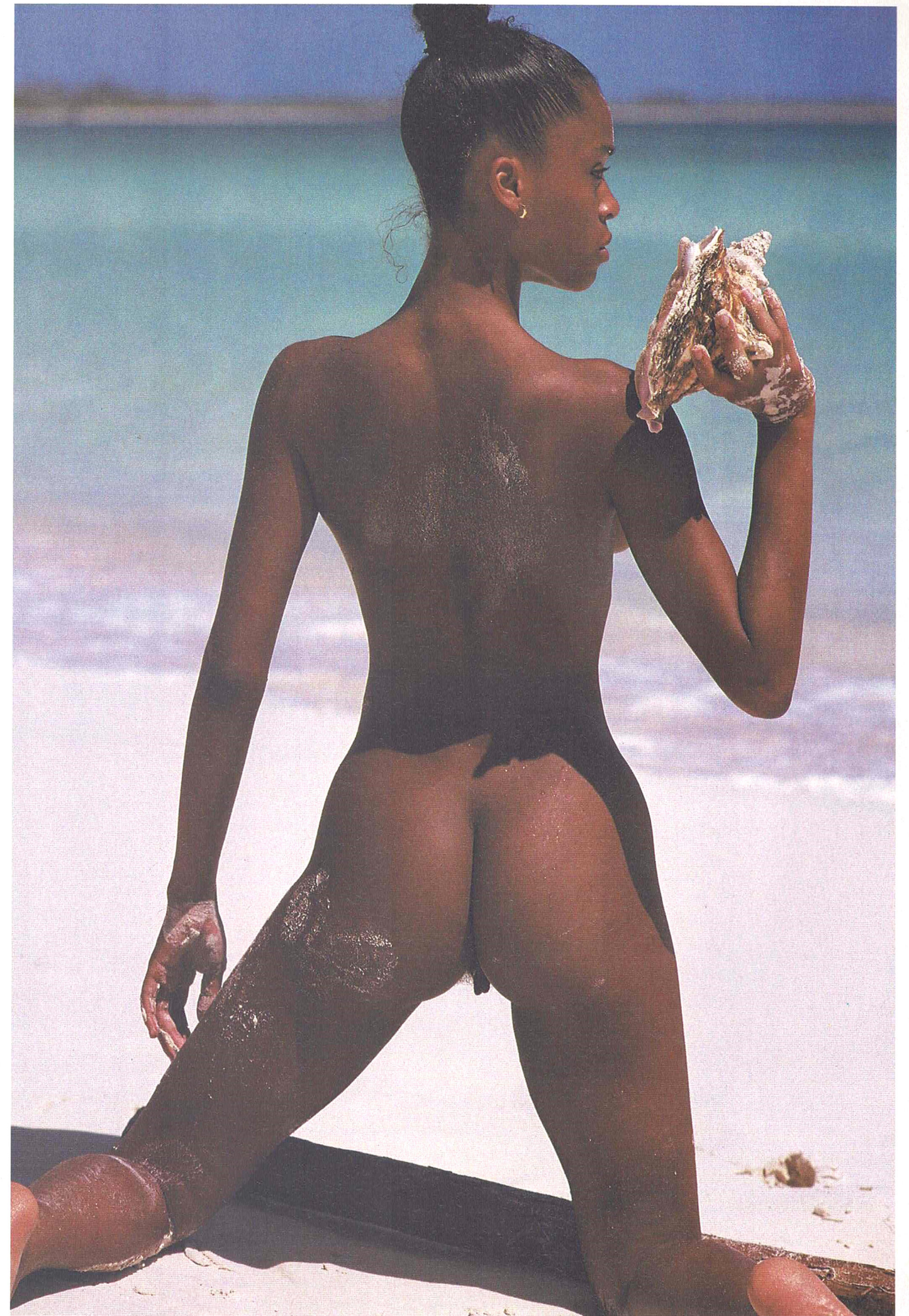
Continued on page 110



Candice Jamieson, 20, is an idealist with a mission. She wants to do something about the world. "I can't bear the idea of people not having enough to eat," she explains. "It seems so unfair. If we all made a little bit of effort, perhaps we could change things."

RADICAL CHIC

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL MOORE

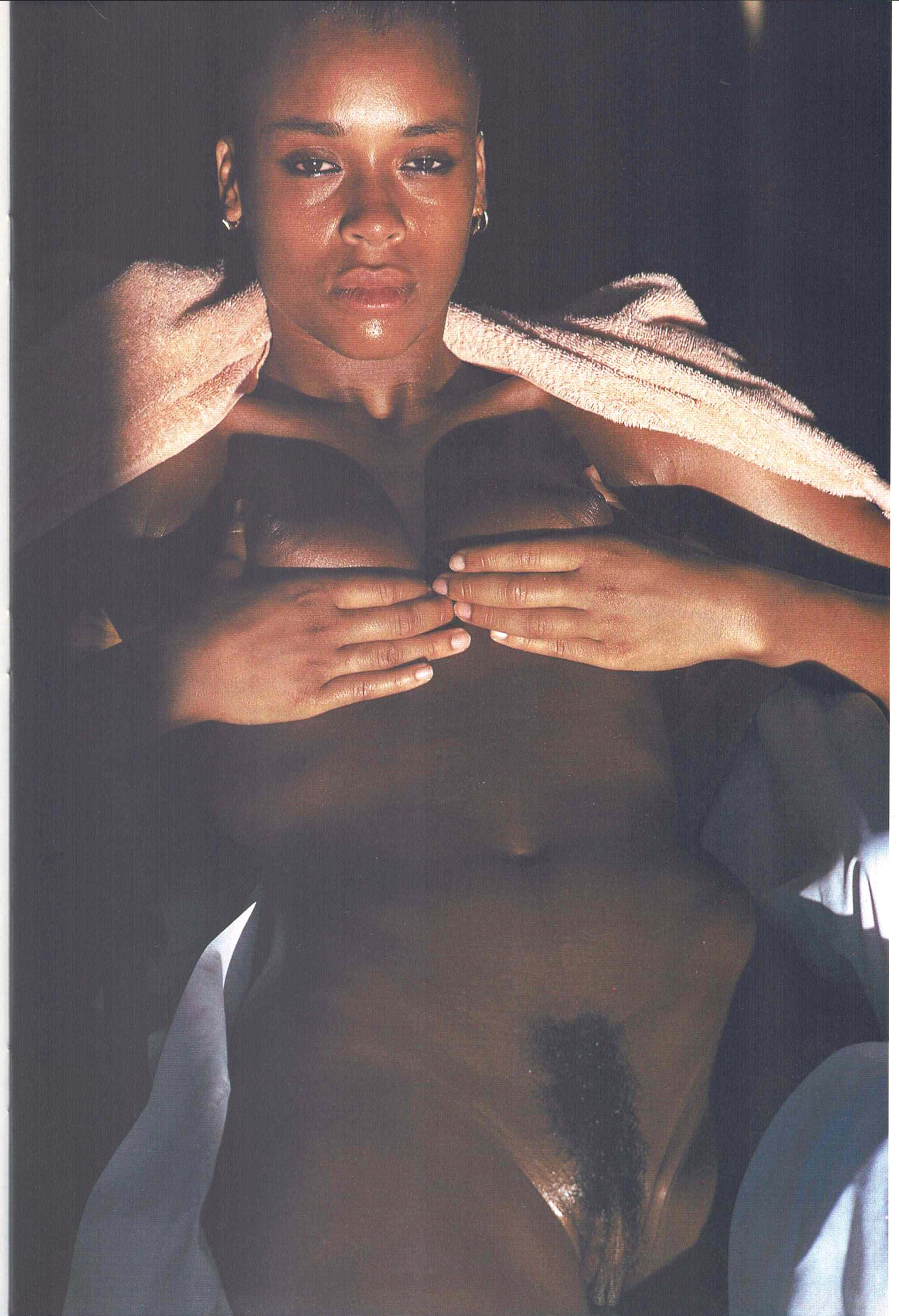


Candice is making her own effort — she's studying to be an agricultural food technologist as well as working to raise money for charity. She hopes eventually to work in the field for UNICEF or a similar agency. "I'm a very practical person when it comes down to it," she smiles.





Candice is offering part of the money from her *Penthouse* shoot to charity, too. "Lots of girls appear in *Penthouse* and so many of them talk about wanting fame and glamor and to be pampered. I think that's self-centred. I don't mind doing this because it's for a good cause."



**When you sail a rudderless
ship there is a strong
temptation to go overboard**

I felt we made an embarrassing contrast with the open serenity of the scene around us. The pure blue of the sky was unmarked by a single bird or cloud, and nothing stirred on the vast stretch of beach except ourselves. The sea, sparkling under the freshness of the early morning sun, looking inviting and clean. I wanted to wade into it and wash myself, but I was afraid I would contaminate it.

We are a combination here, I thought. We're like a clutch of sticky bugs crawling in an ugly little crowd over marble. If I were God and looked down and saw us lugging our baskets and our silly, bright blankets, I would step down on us and crush us with my foot.

We should have been lovers or monks in such a place, but we were only a crowd of bored and boring drunks. You were always drunk when you were with Pete. Good old, mean old Pete was the greatest bloody drink pourer in the world. He used drinks like other types of sadists use whips. He kept beating you with them until you dropped or sobbed or went mad, and he enjoyed every step of the process.

We'd been drinking all night, and when the morning came, somebody — I think it was Wendy — got the great idea that we should all go out on a picnic. Naturally, we thought it was an inspiration — we were nothing if not real sports — and so we'd packed some pies and rolls, not forgetting the liquor, and we'd piled into the car and there we were, weaving across the beach, looking for a place to spread our tacky banquet.

We located a broad, low rock and decided it would serve for our table, loaded it with the latest in plastic utensils, a haphazard collection of food and a quantity of bottles.

Someone had packed a tin of Spam amongst the offerings, and when I saw it, I was suddenly overwhelmed by an absurd feeling of nostalgia. It reminded me of my mother and of packed lunches and the orange linoleum in her kitchen, the orange lozenges of which she used to polish to the sheen of a mirror. It also reminded me of how long ago the whole thing had been and how little I'd done of what I'd dreamed I'd do back then.

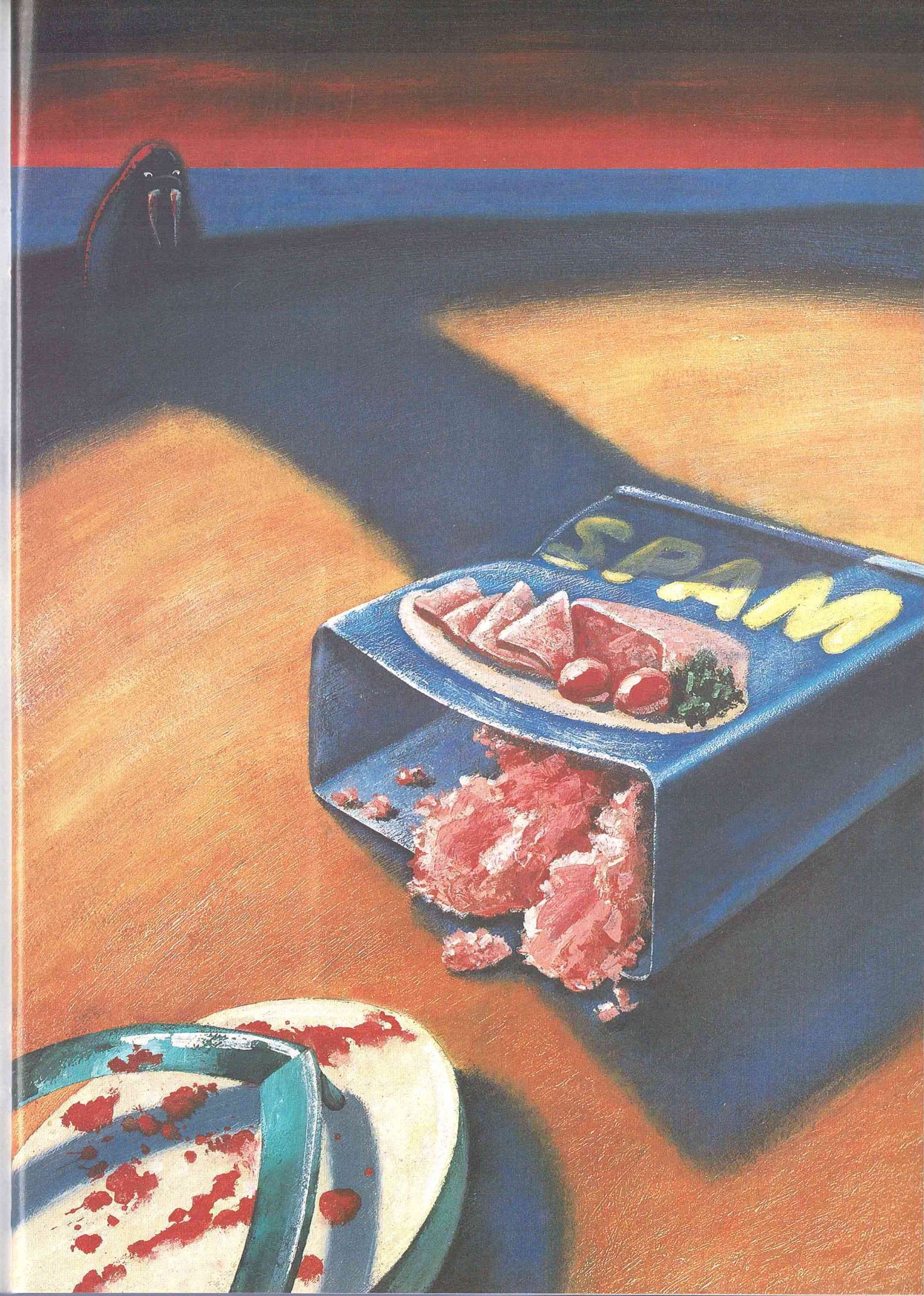
I opened the Spam and sat down to be alone with it and my memories, but it wasn't to be for long. The kind of people who run with people like Pete and me don't ever like to be alone, ever, especially with their memories, and they can't imagine that anyone else might at least now and then have a taste for it.

My rescuer was Sally. Sally was particularly sensitive about seeing people alone, because

FICTION BY ANTONELLA GAMBOTTO

ILLUSTRATION BY NED CULIC

The time has come, the walrus said



the walrus said

being alone had several times nearly produced fatal results for her. Being alone and taking pills to end the being alone.

"What's wrong, Mike?" she asked.
 "Nothing's wrong," I said, holding up a forkful of the pink Spam in the sunlight. "It tastes like it always did. They haven't lost their touch."

She sat down on the sand beside me very carefully, so as to avoid spilling the least drop of what must have been her thousandth Scotch. "Mike," she said, "I'm worried about Wendy. She looks so fucking miserable."

I glanced over at Wendy. She had her head thrown back and she was laughing uproariously at some joke Pete had just made.

Pete was smiling at her with his teeth glittering and his eyes deep down, dead as ever.

"Why should Wendy be happy?" I asked. "What in God's name has she got to be happy about?"

"Jesus," Sally said, "you always pretend to be such a cynic. She's *alive*, isn't she?"

I looked at her and wondered what such a statement meant, coming from someone who'd tried to do herself in as earnestly and frequently as Sally had. I decided that I did not know and that I would probably never know. I also decided I didn't want any more of that Spam. I turned to throw it away, doing my bit to litter up the beach, and then I saw them.

They were far away, barely bigger than two dots, but you could tell there was something odd about them even then.

"We've got company," I said.
 Sally peered in the direction of my point.
 "Hey, look everybody!" she cried.
 "We've got *company*!"

Everybody looked, just as she had asked them to.

"What the fuck is this?" asked Pete.
 "Don't they know that this is my private property?" And then he laughed.

Pete had fantasies about owning things and having power. Now and then he got drunk enough to have little flashes of believing he could conquer the world.

"You tell 'em, Pete!" Robert said.

Robert had sparkling quips like that for almost every occasion. He was tall and bald and he had a huge Adam's apple, and like myself, he worked for Pete. I would have felt sorrier for Robert than I did if I didn't have a sneaky suspicion that he was really happiest when kissing arse. He lifted one scrawny fist and shook it in the direction of the distant pair.

"You guys had better piss off," he shouted. "This is private property!"

"Will you can it and stop being such a fool?" Wendy whispered. "It's not polite to yell at strangers, love, and this may well be *their* beach for all you know."

Wendy happens to be Robert's wife. Robert's children treat him about the same way. He busied himself with zipping up his parka, because it was getting cold and because he had received an order to be quiet. I watched the two approaching figures. One was tall and bulky, and he moved with a peculiar swaying gait. The other was short and hunched into himself and he walked in a fretful line beside his towering companion.

"They're heading straight for us," I said.
 The combination of the cool wind that had arisen and the approach of the two strangers put a damper on our little group. We sat quietly and watched them coming closer. The nearer they got, the odder they looked.

"For Christ sake!" Sally said. "The small one's wearing a square hat!"

"I think it's made of paper," said Wendy, squinting. "Folded newspaper."

"Will you look at the moustache on that

The smile of
 the Walrus did
 what a smile hasn't
 done to me in years
 — it melted
 my heart.

big bastard!" Pete said.

"They remind me of . . . They remind me of the Walrus and the Carpenter," I said.

"The *who*?" Wendy looked surprised.

"Don't tell me you've never heard of the Walrus and the Carpenter?"

Pete smiled.

"Never once."

"Disgusting," Pete said. "You're an uncultured bitch. The Walrus and the Carpenter are probably two of the most famous characters in literature. They're in one of the *Alice* books by Lewis Carroll."

"In *Through the Looking Glass*," I said, and recited their introduction:

*"The Walrus and the Carpenter
 Were walking close at hand;
 They wept like anything to see
 Such quantities of sand . . ."*

Wendy shrugged. "Well you'll just have to excuse my ignorance and concentrate on my great legs," she said.

"I don't know how to break this to you all," said Sally, "but the little one does have a handkerchief."

We stared at the two. The little one did, indeed, have a handkerchief and he was using it to dab at his eyes.

"Is the little one supposed to be the Carpenter?" Wendy asked.

I nodded.

"Then it's all right," she said, "because he's the one who's carrying the saw."

"He is, so help me God!" Pete laughed. "And to make the whole fucking thing perfect, he's even wearing an apron."

"So the Carpenter in the poem has to wear an apron, right?" asked Wendy.

"Carroll doesn't say whether he does or not," I said. "But the illustrations show him wearing one. They also show him with the same square jaw and the same big nose that this guy's got."

"They're bloody doubles!" Pete was awed. "The only thing wrong is that the Walrus isn't a walrus; he just looks like one."

"You watch," Wendy said. "Any minute now, he's going to sprout fur all over and grow long tusks."

Then, for the first time, the approaching pair noticed us. It seemed to give them quite a start. They stood and gaped, and the little one furtively stuffed his handkerchief out of sight. "We can't be as surprising as all that!" Sally hissed. The big one began moving forward then, in a tentative kind of shuffle. The little one edged ahead as well, but he was careful to keep the bulk of his companion between himself and us.

"First contact with the aliens," said Wendy, and Sally and Robert giggled nervously. I didn't respond. I had come to the decision that I was going to quit working for Pete, that I didn't like any of these people about me with the exception, maybe, of Sally, and that these two strangers gave me the fucking creeps.

Then the big one smiled, and everything was changed. I've worked in the entertainment field, in advertising and in public relations. This means I have come in contact with some of the prime charm boys and girls in our land of green and gold. I have become, therefore, not only a connoisseur of smiles, but I am a being equipped with numerous automatic safeguards against them. When a talcumed smoothy comes at me with his brilliant ivories exposed, it only shows that he's got something he can bite me with, that's all. But the smile of the Walrus was something else.

The smile of the Walrus did what a smile hasn't done to me in years — it melted my heart. I use that cornball phrase very much on purpose. When I saw his smile, I knew I could trust him. I felt in my marrow that he was gentle and sweet and had nothing but the best intentions. His resemblance to the Walrus in the poem ceased being vaguely chilling and became warmly comical.

"Oh, I say." His voice was an embarrassed boom. "I do hope we're not intruding!"

"I dare say we are," said the Carpenter, peering from behind his companion.

"The fact is," said the Walrus, "we didn't even notice you until just back then,



the walrus said

you see."

"It's all this . . . sand." The Carpenter lifted a small foot and a trickle of sand spilled out of his shoe.

"The stuff's impossible," the Walrus said. "Gets in your clothes, tracks up the carpet . . ."

"Ought to be swept away, it ought."

"Good God, yes . . ." The Walrus was eyeing the sand around him with disapproval. "Altogether too much."

Then he turned to us again, and we all basked in that smile. "Allow me to introduce my companion and myself," he said.

"You'll have to excuse Christopher," said the Carpenter, "as he's a bit of a stuffed shirt, don't you know?"

"Be that as it may," said the Walrus, "this is Charlie Bone and I am Christopher Silvester, both at your service. We are both a trifle drunk, I'm afraid."

"We are indeed. We are that."

"As we have just come from a really delightful party — that holiday kind of thing — to which we shall soon return."

"Once we've found the fuel, that is," said Bone, waving his saw in the air. By now he had found the courage to come out and face us directly.

"Which brings me to the question," said Silvester. "Have you seen any driftwood lying about? We've been looking high and low and we can't seem to find any of the sodding stuff."

"Thought there'd be stacks of it," said Bone. "But all there is is sand . . ."

"I would have sworn you were looking for oysters," Pete said, referring to the poem — *O, Oysters, come and walk with us!*

"Oysters?" he asked. "Oh, no — we've found the oysters. All we need is the fuel to cook them."

"Of course, we could use a few more . . ." Silvester said, looking at his companion.

"I'm afraid we can't help you with your driftwood problem," Pete said. "But you're welcome to sit down to a drink."

There was something unfamiliar about the tone of Pete's voice that made me edgy. I turned to look at him and then had difficulty concealing my astonishment, because that's what it was — *astonishment*.

His eyes. For the first time since I had known him, they were friendly.

I'm not saying that Pete had blank eyes — not at all. On the surface, that is. On the surface, with his eyes, with his face, with the handling of his entire body, Pete was a master of animation and expression. From sympathetic, heartfelt warmth all the way to rage and at every stop in between, Pete was completely convincing.

But only on the surface. Once you got to know Pete, and it took a while, you realised that none of it was really happening. That was because Pete had died, or been

killed, long ago. Possibly he had been born dead. So, under the actor's warmth and rage, the eyes were always the eyes of a corpse.

But now it was different. The friendliness was genuine, I was sure of it. The smile of Silvester, of the Walrus, had performed a miracle. Pete had risen from his tomb.

I was in honest awe.

"*Delighted, delighted!*" said Silvester.

They accepted their drinks with pleasure, and we completed the introductions as they sat down to join us. I detected a strong smell of fish as Silvester sat down beside me, but oddly enough, didn't find it offensive. I was glad he'd chosen to sit next to me. It soon turned out that the drinking we'd done before had only scratched the surface. Bone and Silvester were magnificent boozers, and their energy inspired us all to follow suit.

We drank crazy toasts and were bowled

“We’ve
been asked
to do this
because we’re out
of booze.
Understand?”

over to discover that Silvester was an incredible raconteur. His speciality was outrageous fantasy: wild tales involving incongruous objects, events, and characters. His invention was endless.

We laughed and drank and drank and laughed and I began to wonder why the fuck I'd spent my life being such a moody, misanthropic son of a bitch and such a suspicious bastard when the whole secret of everything, the whole core secret, was simply to enjoy it and to take life as it came.

I looked around and grinned, and I didn't care if it was a foolish grin. I was at that drunken point when you actually feel *human*. Everybody looked all right, everybody looked bloody wonderful, everybody looked better than I'd ever seen them look before.

Sally looked happy, genuinely happy. She, too, had found the secret. No more pills for her, I thought. Now that she knows the secret, now that she's met Silvester, who's given her the secret, she'll have no more need for those fucking pills.

And I couldn't believe Robert and Wendy. They had their arms around each

other, and their bodies were pressed close together, and they rocked as one as they laughed at Silvester's wonderful stories. No more nagging from Wendy, I thought, and no more cringing for Robert.

And then I looked at Pete, laughing and relaxed and absolutely free of care, absolutely unchilled, finally, at last, after years of —

And then I looked at him again.

And then I looked down at my drink, and then I looked down at my knees, and then I looked out at the sea, sparkling and clean, remote and impersonal.

And then I realised just how cold it had become, and that there wasn't a bird or a cloud in the sky.

*The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry,
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky:
No birds were flying overhead —
There were no birds to fly.*

Suddenly Pete's voice broke through, and I head him say:

"What a brilliant idea, Silvester! We'd love to!"

The others broke out in a chorus of affirmation, and they all started scrambling to their feet around me. I looked at them, like someone who's been awakened from sleep in a stranger's home, and they all grinned down at me like children.

"Come on, Mike," Sally coaxed, her eyes vividly bright.

I blinked and stared at them, one after the other.

"Mike's had a bit too much to drink," Wendy laughed. "Come on, Mike — let's go and gatecrash this party."

"What party?" I asked.

I couldn't seem to get located. Everything seemed grotesque and blurred, and my head hurt.

Pete moved forward. "We've been asked to this do because we are out of booze. Understand?"

I set my plastic cup down carefully. If they would just shut up for a moment, I thought, I might be able to clear my head.

Silvester extended a big hand, but his smile wasn't working on me any more. I slumped further back on to my towel.

"Well, if you feel that you really aren't up to it . . ." Bone said.

"Oh come on, you lazy bastard," Wendy said impatiently, "just try to get it together!"

"To hell with him," Pete said. And he started off with everyone except Sally and myself following him.

"Are you sure you don't want to come?" she asked.

She looked frail and thin against the light. I realised that there wasn't really much of her and that what there was had taken a terrible beating.

"No," I said sullenly, "I really don't. Why don't you stay with me?"

Continued on page 128

Hair, make-up and styling by Bambi. White chiffon skirt by Rod Alexander (02) 958 6314; nautical jacket and cap from ABC Costume Hire (02) 950 4284; white swimsuit by Just Add Water (02) 319 2722; all Sydney.



Bambi

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK BROKENSHA

Danielle Schneider was born in Switzerland, 23 years ago.

When she was 20 she arrived in Australia in search of sunshine and fun, and a year later she graced the pages of *Australian Penthouse* as our July Pet of the Month. Well, Danielle's still in town, and we couldn't resist bringing her back to *Penthouse* one more time.

a L F R E S C O









The novelty of Sydney has never worn off, Danielle says in her soft Swiss accent, because it's "so Continental, with lots of different kinds of people. It's a fast city, with lots of shops and nightclubs." Danielle enjoys Australia's outdoors lifestyle — she goes sailing, horse-riding and cycling and likes to indulge in oysters and white wine alfresco.



Like anyone living in the Big Smoke, Danielle says she wouldn't mind being stranded on a desert island for a while, preferably with a blond, sexy-eyed man. "I'd like to make love in the water on a deserted beach," she muses. "Or somewhere naughty, like the office or a park."





Great white shark hunter Vic Hislop is a man with his back to the wall. After almost 30 years of battling treacherous seas to land killer sharks, Hislop has established a name in world fishing circles as the foremost authority on catching the ocean's most feared creature. But the shark hunter is under siege from government bureaucrats, film-makers who use sharks as subjects, and a mixed bag of "radical greenies stirred up by lies." The very existence of sharks, they say, is threatened by unscrupulous hunters like Hislop and he must be stopped.

So far, they are not doing a bad job. Hislop is barred from fishing in South Australian and Victorian waters and is facing charges in Queensland for allegedly breaching the Fisheries Act. He says he has been singled out by the authorities in a bid to stop his shark-catching activities — a profession that has earned him international respect for his research into the size, habits and breeding cycles of sharks.

The man who caught the biggest white pointer ever landed — a 2.5-tonne monster hooked off Phillip Island, near Melbourne — and

WORDS AND PHOTOS BY
ROBERT REID

**After a
quarter-
century
battling
killer
sharks,
Vic
Hislop is
facing the
toughest
fight of
his
career.**

THE GREAT WHITE HUNTER



HUNTER

dozens more around Australia's coastline is convinced the "Get Hislop" campaign is motivated by personal greed, political power-broking and misguided greenie activists. He knows he has been targeted in an effort to drive him off the water and force him to close his two shark shows in Hervey Bay and Cairns. He says certain people want him out of the way so they can film sharks in feeding frenzies, lower celebrities in steel cages into shark-filled waters and promote killer sharks as "misunderstood creatures that won't harm you if you leave them alone."

"That's absolute rubbish," says Hislop. "Sharks will eat anything in their food chain. Humans once had a slight chance to escape because the shark would hesitate before attacking, because we aren't his natural food. Now, because of film-making activity, some sharks are used to our shape and that hesitation has been removed from their behavior."

"Those same film-makers are known to stuff wetsuits with fish, put the human shapes on surfboards, berley up the water with tuna oil and blood and then film the big whites coming in and tearing the dummy and board to pieces. These sharks

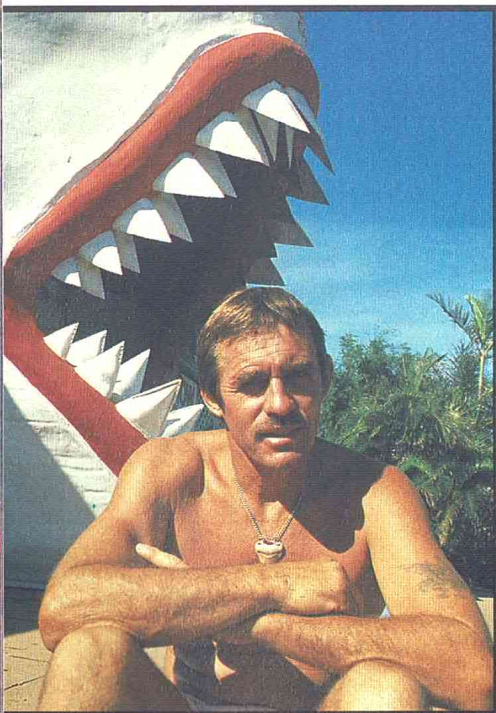


Photo by Robert Reid

then patrol our beaches and if they see a similar target, naturally they will attack. There have been 12 surfboard attacks in Australia in the past two years — some would probably have been attacked by these same sharks."

Hislop claims the film-makers have "fooled the poor old radical conservationists into pressuring politicians" to have him banned from shark hunting. "There's a lot of money involved here and the issue has nothing to do with

conservation," he says. "The true reason is profit and I stand in their way, but I just can't stand back and let them get away with it."

Hislop's bureaucratic battle geared up in earnest after his record-breaking white pointer catch off Phillip Island. Granted a ten-day permit to fish for sharks, Hislop ran foul of the system when he landed the great white in November 1987. Although hundreds of spectators applauded him and the media had a field day, the shark hunter's elation was short-lived. Joan Kirner, then the Victorian Conservation Minister, immediately axed his permit, ostensibly for killing the shark "for commercial gain."

With the media turning sour and his permit revoked, Hislop defended his decision to freeze and exhibit the giant great white.

"Every fisherman in the world kills fish for commercial gain," he says. "Why shouldn't I show people what an awesome sight a killer shark is? My show was, and still is, educational — nobody knows more about sharks than I do. I serve the public and tell them the truth, while others create a false sense of security and put people's lives directly in danger."

In a vain attempt to convince the government that big whites were a growing menace to public safety, Hislop lobbied Kirner with grim statistics of death and disappearances around the Victorian coast. His figures show that 119 people have gone missing along a 20km stretch of coastline since 1970 — in the same area that Prime Minister Harold Holt vanished in 1967.

"They were shocked when I gave them the numbers, but they still wouldn't admit I was right," Hislop says. "They tried to tell me the disappearances were drownings, and the bodies were getting caught under submerged ledges. That's the sort of garbage written on the death certificates to cover up the truth."

"People don't realise commercial fishing is thinning out fish species that are the natural food of sharks, such as tuna, mackerel and even dolphins, but the big, dangerous sharks themselves continue to multiply."

Toting briefcases bulging with shark information gathered over 25 years, Hislop twice flew to Melbourne from his Hervey Bay home for meetings with Kirner. Both times he was knocked back. "I had confirmed appointments on each occasion, but they just turned me away. It was a big disappointment, but I realised then that I didn't have a chance with that government."

"I had 2500 signatures from Phillip Island — that's almost the entire population — wanting me to go down there and catch great whites, but the bureaucrats won't let me go out and save people's lives. The Victorian Government dared to call my show a 'freak show' but even with millions of taxpayers' dollars spent on

studies they can't come close to a public education program like mine."

But Steve McCormack, executive officer with the Fisheries Division of the Department of Conservation and Environment, isn't having a bar of Hislop's claim. Then Acting Director of the department, McCormack claims a permit had been issued for "scientific research" on sharks, but Hislop's subsequent public exhibition of the great white left him in no doubt that the permit should be cancelled.

"I've still got the permit," Hislop says, "and it certainly doesn't mention scientific research. Besides that, I've got a letter from McCormack's department thanking me for donating a large part of the shark for mercury analysis and other tests they wanted to carry out. The letter proves I'm in the right."

Hislop says he respects sharks and denies claims that his shark hunting career hasn't had scientific merit or contributions of value to conservationism. He has letters of appreciation from scientific and educational institutions overseas and within Australia, including an official letter from the Whale Foundation applauding his efforts to save the life of a minke whale stranded on a reef near Townsville in 1982. And in a letter from the Queensland Museum thanking Hislop for the body of a humpback whale he transported to the museum free of charge, they wrote: "Never before have staff been so placed, as the result of an individual's efforts, to prepare and examine a large cetacean in such excellent condition."

"I'm a true conservationist, but the only tag that sticks is 'Hislop — Shark Killer,'" he says. "There are over 300 species of sharks in the ocean and most of them are harmless and should be protected. I concentrate on the man-eaters — tigers and great whites. Every time I catch a great white and cut open its stomach I'll find either a dugong or a penguin or a seal — even a young humpback whale is part of the white's diet. These are the very creatures greenies are worried about and I have saved hundreds of thousands of them by catching the big sharks."

According to Hislop, there is a push for legislation to protect great white sharks as an endangered species. But, he says, "large killer sharks are not endangered and nobody will ever thin them out — not even if there were 10,000 Vic Hislops out there catching them. They have no natural predators and their numbers are on the increase." He refutes a statement made by famous French oceanographer, Jacques Cousteau, who went on an expedition to the deep waters off Port Lincoln, South Australia, in May 1989. After 20 days at sea, Cousteau's team could only locate three juvenile sharks, prompting Cousteau to estimate that "there are only 40 great white sharks" left in Australian waters and the species would be extinct in 20 years.

"That's incredible bullshit," Hislop



Above: the formidable weaponry of the white pointer; Right: Vic Hislop's arm after he "brushed it" against the tooth of a great white; Opposite: Hislop at the entrance to his shark show in Hervey Bay.

states. "While Cousteau was playing around on his multi-million dollar boat, the big sharks were three-quarters of the way to Brisbane to feed on baby humpback whales. I caught 14 of them off the south Queensland coast in three weeks to prove what a gigantic fraud was going on about the question of great white numbers in Australian waters. But nobody will back me up, so it's always been a one-man fight to get the truth out."

Vic Hislop has been hunting sharks since he was a kid of 13, when his father built him a canoe in the waterside Brisbane suburb of Sandgate. With a garish shark's mouth painted on the canoe's bow, young Vic scoured the waters of Moreton Bay, dreaming of monster sharks cruising lethally beneath him. Not long afterwards, nine trawlermen went missing at sea — one of them a neighbor of the Hislops. Two days later an arm and a leg were washed up on Moreton Island, followed by the discovery of the wreckage in Pearl Channel.

"No complete bodies were ever found,"



Hislop recalls. "That was bad enough, but when a doctor friend of my father lost both legs in shallow water I decided I had to learn more about killer sharks."

Hislop landed his first shark when he was 14, after a bronze whaler towed his canoe through thick fog until it tired. "It was a scary experience, but when I finally got him it was a big moment."

In March 1985 at Port Lincoln, 33-year-old mother of four Shirley Durdin was bit-

ten in half while snorkelling with her husband and children. There was nothing left to bury. All that was found was one orange flipper.

"People down there were in the grip of terror," Hislop says. "I promised Shirley Durdin's husband I'd catch that shark, and I would have done it, except Fisheries confiscated all my equipment and charged me with four counts to do with the preparation and taking of fish without a licence. It was ridiculous. I'd trucked my boat and all my

HUNTER

gear down from Queensland because those people in Port Lincoln wanted me there.

"The shark that took Shirley Durdin could have been a great white that had been trained to attack human shapes for filming on Dangerous Reef, only 14 kilometres away. That shark attacked Shirley Durdin without hesitation, like hundreds more will learn to do as they're berleyed up for documentary footage."

In September 1987, Hislop was back in South Australia when Terry Gibson vanished from Adelaide's main beach without trace. Called in by a group of Adelaide businessmen concerned about shark attacks on their beaches, Hislop responded immediately. "The community down there asked for my help. Telecom loaned \$4000 worth of communication equipment for my boat and a fish cannery hired a professional fisherman to harpoon eagle rays for my bait. I couldn't have asked for greater co-operation."

Yet again, Hislop was confronted with a squad of Fisheries inspectors. In front of a large crowd, the shark hunter's equipment was cut to pieces and his bait buried in the sand while official reinforcements waited nearby for any signs of trouble.

"I heard one of the inspectors tell a television reporter that his orders were to destroy Hislop's gear, confiscate his boat and send him out of the state immediately," he says. "The whole thing was a set-up and a lot of people were upset. I was their only chance of catching that shark."

"The greenies and the film-makers tried to make out that Terry Gibson's disappearance was an insurance fraud and nothing to do with sharks, but his weight belt was found with great white teeth marks all over it — and it was still buckled up. The last thing they wanted was Vic Hislop bringing in a big white with Terry Gibson in its guts — it would interfere with their plans to get the whites protected."

The South Australian horror continued in 1988. Surfboard rider Matthew Foale was savagely attacked and killed 400 metres from the spot where Terry Gibson disappeared.

"That tore my guts out — it was probably the same shark that got Terry," Hislop reckons.

Hislop claims that film-makers are lulling the Australian public into a false sense of security when they show their popular shark documentaries. "What are people to think when they see footage of someone standing on the stern platform of a boat patting a white pointer on the nose?"

"The first part of these types of documentaries are usually shot around seal colonies, showing nice footage of seals and their pups to prove what great conservationists the film-makers are. Then

they set out a 10km berley trail to bring in the big whites, get their dramatic — and grossly irresponsible — shots, and then go home leaving the sharks, which may never have been near those seals before then, to make mincemeat of a seal colony. And they call themselves conservationists!"

One film-maker refused to comment on Hislop's charges, except to say: "Hislop is the only person in the world we don't want to be associated with."

According to Hislop, the use of underwater viewing cages to photograph white pointers lured by baits and berley trails is another example of the great sharks being conditioned to associate humans with their food chain.

"Magazine articles show great whites being berleyed just off the South Australian coast with a mixture of dried blood and tuna mince. They describe how the sharks are lured long distances to bump and attack cages with photographers inside."

"The film-makers and others won't front with me on television to debate this issue because they know I can back up what I'm saying from my years of experience. I

Clockwise from right: Lucky to be alive — a Gold Coast shark attack victim; white pointers cruising off Dangerous Reef in the Spencer Gulf, South Australia.

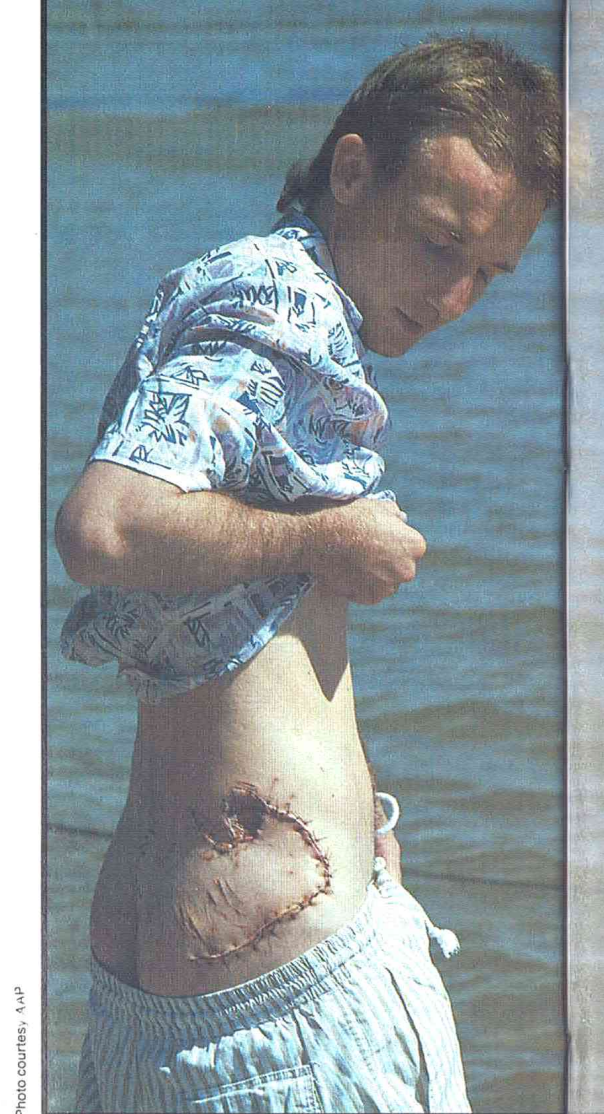


Photo courtesy APL

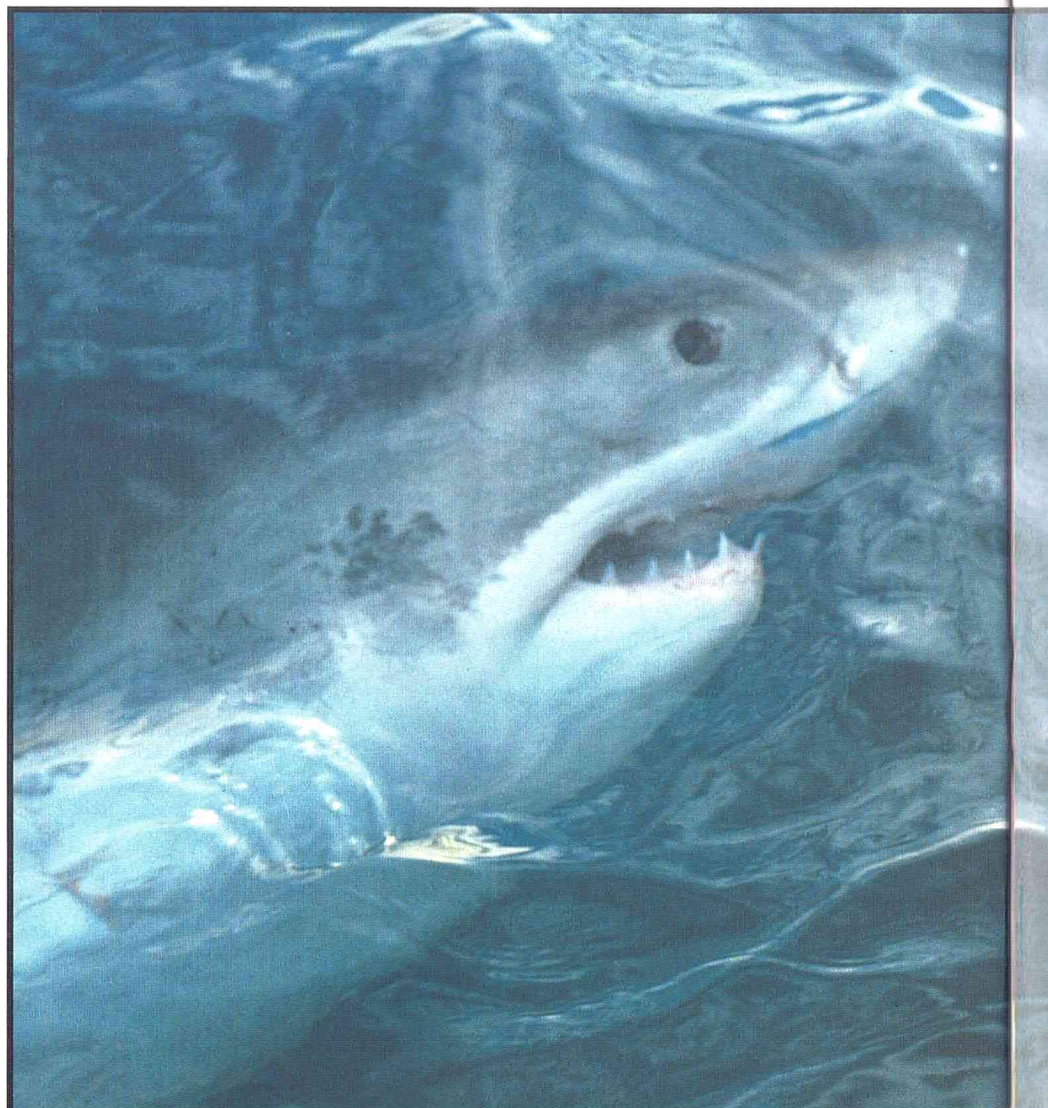


Photo courtesy APL

know for a fact that these things will make humans part of the sharks' food chain. If I can get my message across it will save thousands of lives."

Shark-attack fever hit Hislop's home waters in Queensland last year after a spate of maulings in the Gold Coast's canal system. In each case the victim escaped with his life, but Hislop says we should look at the number of missing people last seen in or around the canals. Some of them, he says, were almost certainly shark victims.

"In the last year, four shark attack victims survived only because they were bitten on the legs or hips and were able to make it to somebody's house or car. What about the ones who might have been taken by the stomach or chest? They'd be dead and nobody would know."

Despite continuous harassment by Fisheries officers, Hislop caught a black whaler shark in front of ten-year-old Kristoffer Fredriksen's home just after the boy was attacked and bitten on the foot.

"Fisheries will spend hundreds of thousands of taxpayers' dollars chasing me into court and trying to figure out how many sharks are in those canals, but they have no hope — it will be pure guesswork."

prove the great whites were 4000kms away from where Jacques Cousteau was searching for them in South Australia.

In three nights they caught five whites in Hervey Bay. On the fourth day they were busted by a Boating and Fisheries patrol. In a tense confrontation, patrol officers seized Hislop's equipment — including a prototype float sent from the US for trial testing — and radioed shore for police reinforcements.

"The senior fisheries officer was the most ignorant man I've ever met," Hislop says. "He wasn't interested in what I had to say, but just kept grinning as he pulled up my lines."

Hislop blew the whistle on the incident and a local furore erupted. Supported by the Queensland press over previous encounters with the Fisheries Department and solidly backed by the public, the shark hunter threatened to call in national television networks.

"Fisheries caved in under public pressure and gave me a special licence. I'd been asking for one for 20 years and suddenly they invented one for me. But it was designed so Fisheries could own Vic Hislop — I had to ask them when and if I went out, where I could go and so on. It



Photo courtesy APL

Then they'll hire contractors who will set a couple of lines and check them once in 24 hours. You need dedication, commitment and the best shark catching gear in the world for this type of operation. In a case like this I'm talking about a hundred lines checked continually night and day."

Alarmed at what he saw as a conspiracy to silence his media statements about the presence of great white sharks in Queensland waters, Hislop and his son Brett set out in their six-metre boat *Jaws* to

wasn't an open licence like the public wanted me to have — it was an absolute joke, designed to defuse popular support for me."

After 11 months and two weeks, a fortnight before the statutory deadline on issuing summonses expired, Hislop and his son were hit with five charges, including assault.

"They waited as long as they could, hoping people would lose interest in me. There's been a vicious campaign to dis-

credit me and it continues to this day."

Bundaberg Boating and Fisheries chief Bob Curry says his department's job was not to victimise people, but to enforce the law. Curry says he was surprised that Hislop had "made no attempt to obtain a permit in 19 years, but despite that, the department had in fact granted him a temporary permit." Hislop, he says, had also been seen berleying in the area.

"Anybody who says I berley for sharks is a liar," Hislop says. "You don't catch big sharks that way. All the berley does is attract smaller sharks and they destroy your baits. The film-makers berley, but they don't want to catch sharks, they want to use them."

"Bob Curry is supposed to be an expert, but I've seen his government contractors catching nothing but mackerel smack-bang in the middle of the season. They lose their nets because white pointers are everywhere, chopping up mackerel and nets as they go. He dares to accuse me of berleying — the whole damn area is full of berley at that time."

Curry agrees that public opinion favors Hislop, but the shark hunter's attitude had made it difficult to legalise his operation. "Personally, I respect Vic and hold no malice towards him, but there are a few things that suggest he doesn't come up as rosy as he likes to think. Vic Hislop's biggest barrier is himself."

Although Boating and Fisheries is the responsibility of the Department of Primary Industries, the subject of Vic Hislop at that department rates a hostile response. A spokesman in the press secretary's office refused to comment except for a savage one-liner: "The man is a certifiable lunatic."

Not all comments are as tough on the shark hunter as that, though. John Taite, public relations officer for the Woodgate Progress Association at Hervey Bay, says Hislop is a folk hero in the area and everybody is calling for his services. Taite's house overlooks the bay and he says he has personally watched large white pointers cruising close to the beach.

Taite says he has never seen Hislop berley for sharks and he has never heard anybody complaining to Fisheries about his presence in the area.

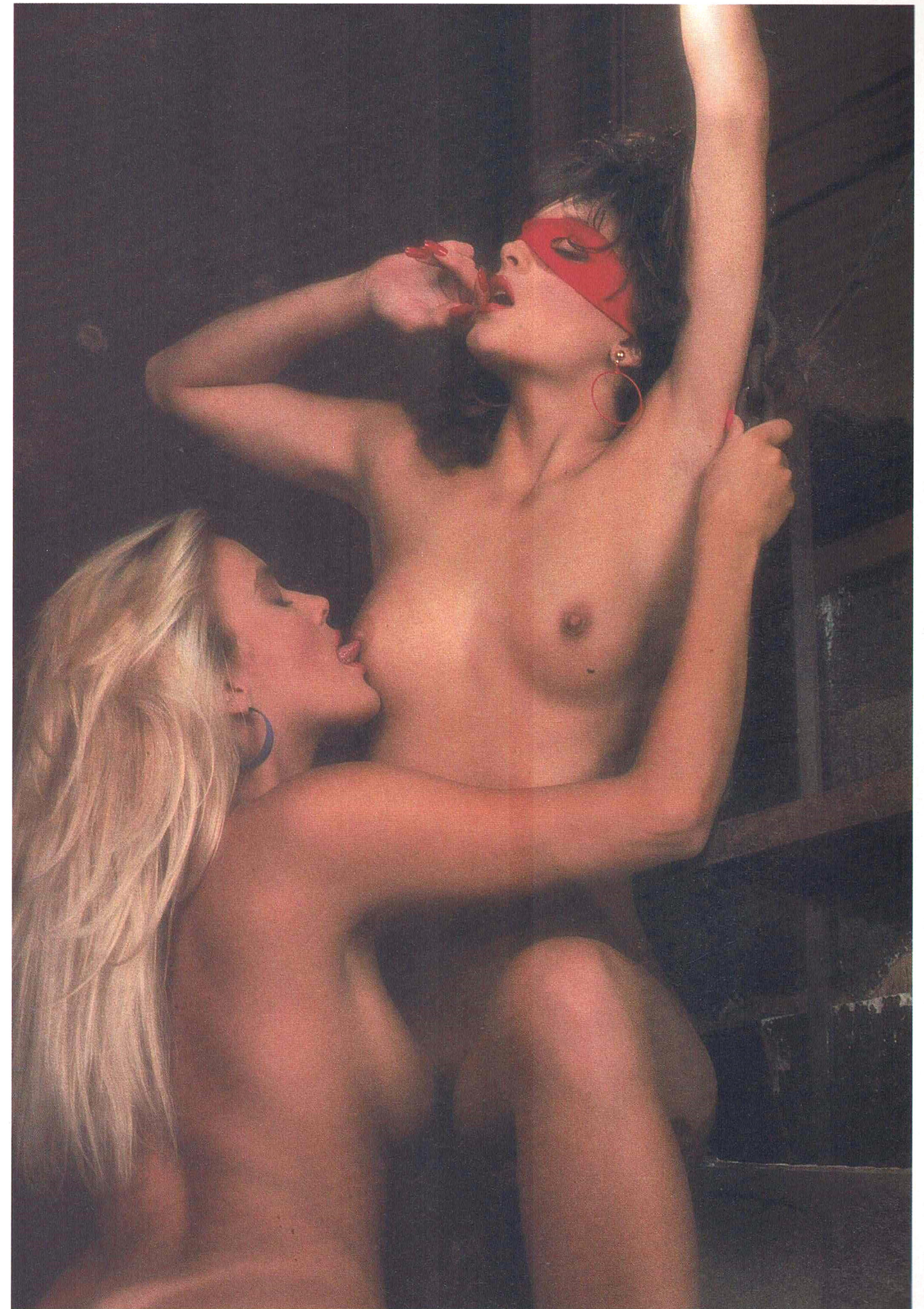
"Bob Curry has never shown any interest in this area whatsoever and Fisheries are after Hislop because of politics on the side of people with a vested interest in keeping the big sharks close to our coastline. Nobody in commercial tourism wants to admit there are sharks in their own area, and they are hand in glove with those who promote sharks for other reasons."

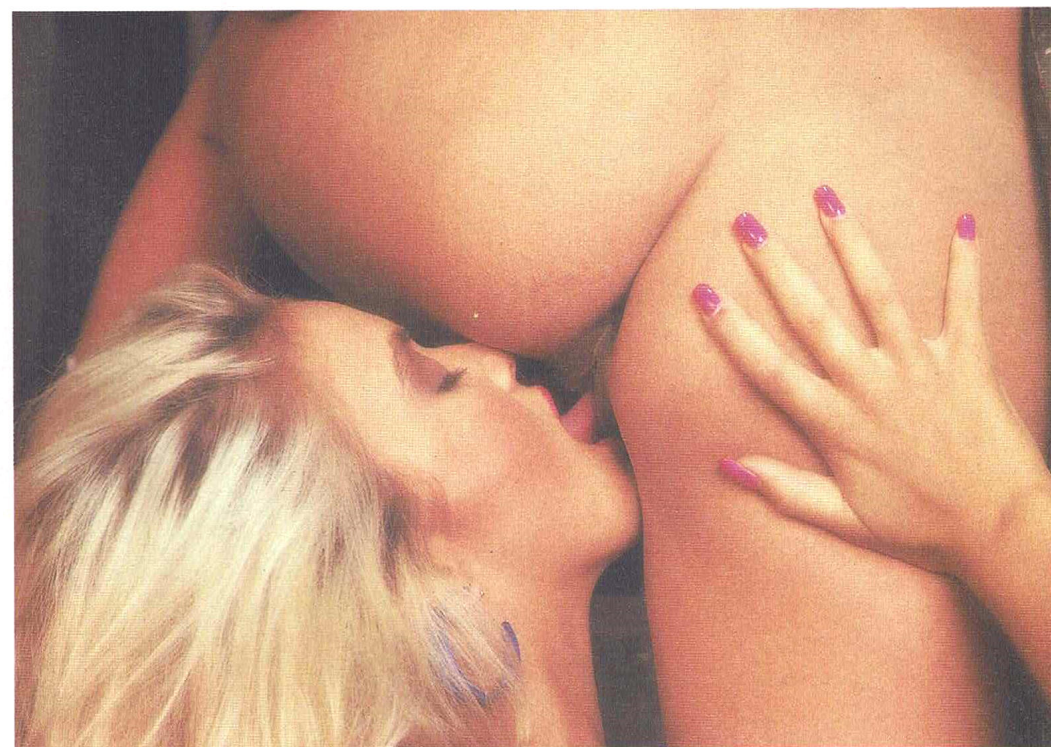
"Vic Hislop is as straight as a die but doesn't like a heavy foot on the back of his neck. People who catch marlin and other big fish don't need a licence, so why should he need a licence to catch unprotected sharks? He's dead right — those against him have something to hide." 

to catch A THEIR

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
CARL WACHTER

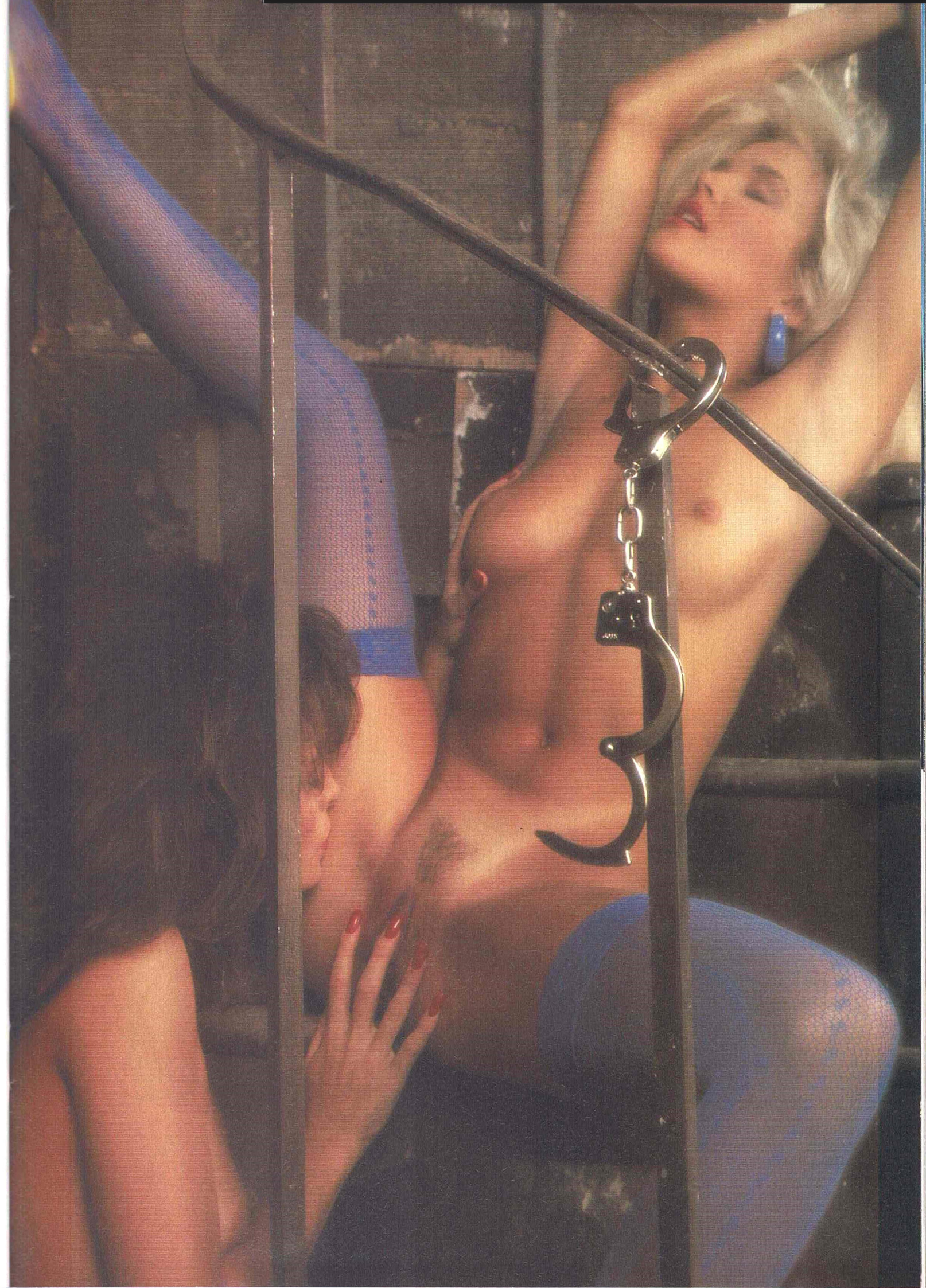
The night air lay cold and heavy over Chicago. There was something about it that Dick could almost taste. By day a secretary for a private investigator, she lived in a world of her own invention at night — a world of excitement and intrigue. Dick was itchy, hot for a chase. At the sound of her two-way wristwatch, she felt a familiar shiver. "Dick, this is Tracy," purred a breathless voice. "Can you read me?" "Like a book, doll," Dick replied.

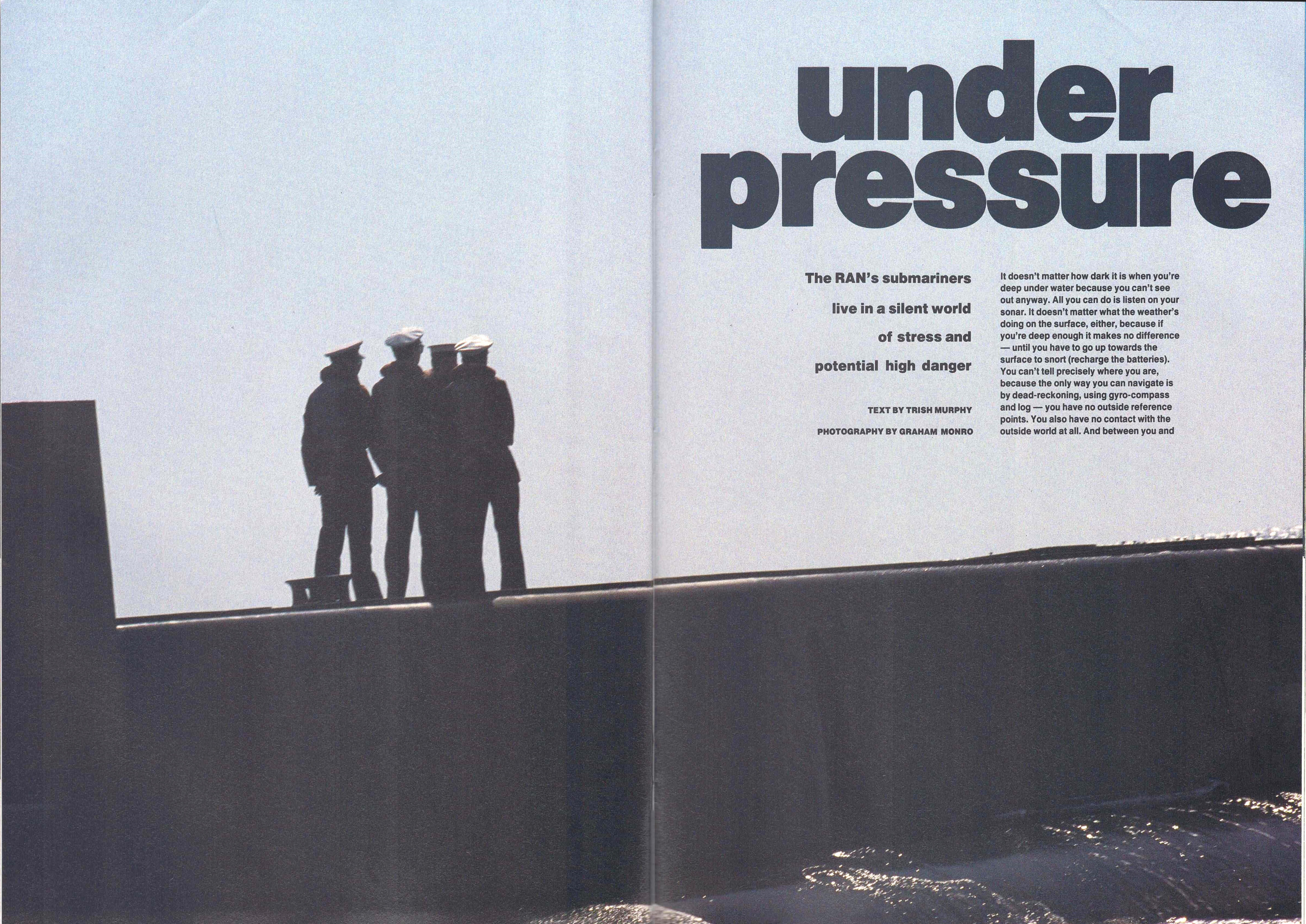




Tracy! No 1 on Dick's most-wanted list, she was a cool-handed lady who didn't miss a trick. Dick quickly cornered her in their own private speakeasy. "You make it too easy, Tracy," purred Dick. "It ain't over yet," the jailbird chirped. "This ain't the movies!" Tracy tried, vainly, to give Dick the slip, but it was the slammer for her. There'd be no pussyfooting on Dick's beat.







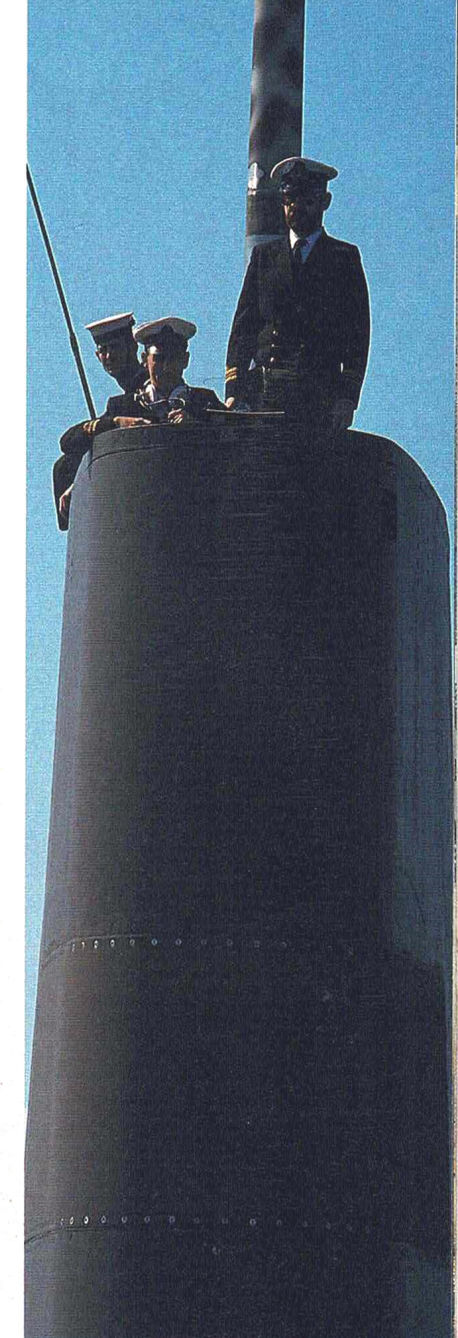
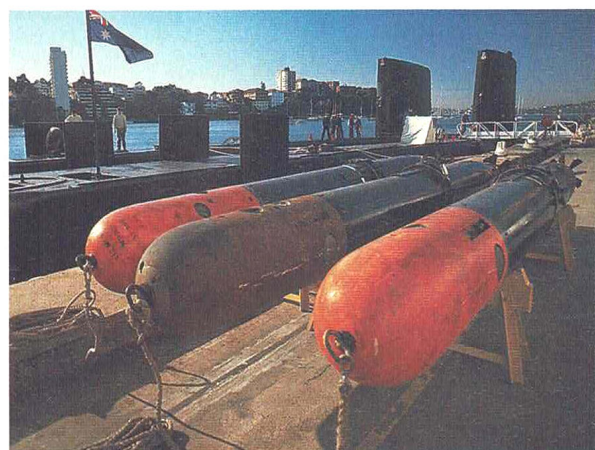
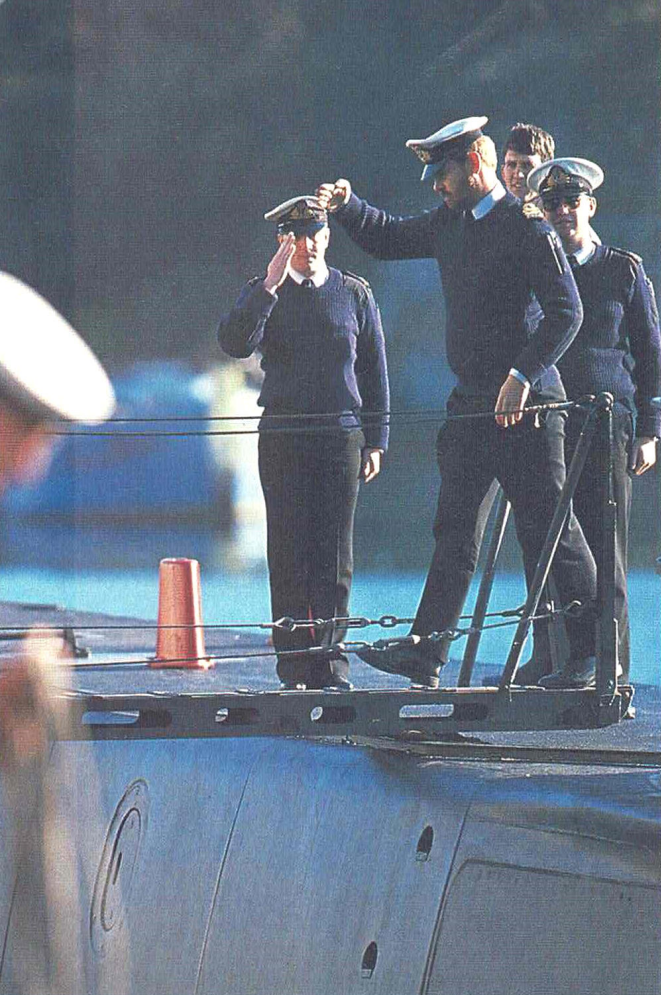
under pressure

**The RAN's submariners
live in a silent world
of stress and
potential high danger**

TEXT BY TRISH MURPHY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GRAHAM MONRO

It doesn't matter how dark it is when you're deep under water because you can't see out anyway. All you can do is listen on your sonar. It doesn't matter what the weather's doing on the surface, either, because if you're deep enough it makes no difference — until you have to go up towards the surface to snort (recharge the batteries). You can't tell precisely where you are, because the only way you can navigate is by dead-reckoning, using gyro-compass and log — you have no outside reference points. You also have no contact with the outside world at all. And between you and



pressure



Clockwise from bottom left: The XO, Lieutenant Dave Allen; dummy torpedoes on the dock at HMAS Platypus; the CO, Lieutenant Commander Brian Anderson, goes ashore; HMAS Ovens heading out of Sydney; officers and sailors fallen in for special sea duty, known as "specials"; the CO on the bridge; one of the officers; one of 22 torpedoes carried aboard.

the sea bed lies four kilometres of dead, cold water. If you sink in that, there's absolutely no way home.

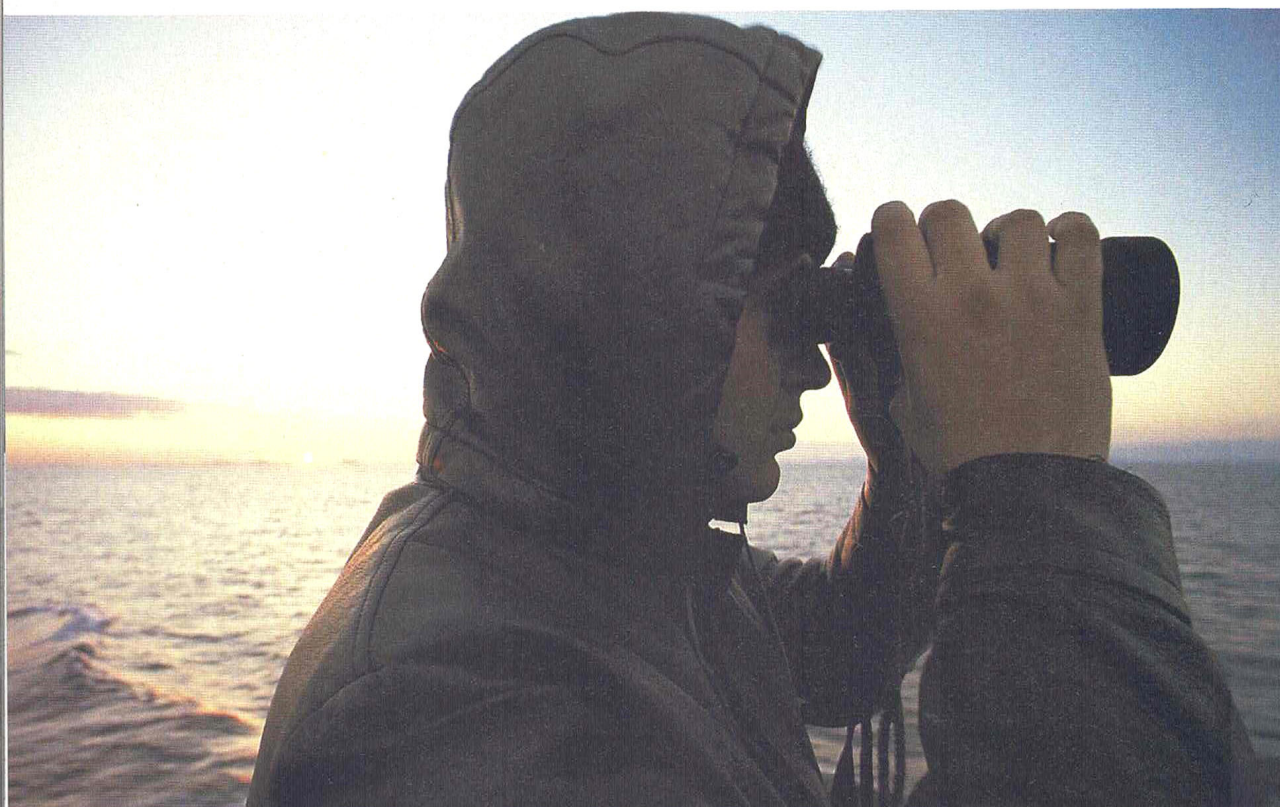
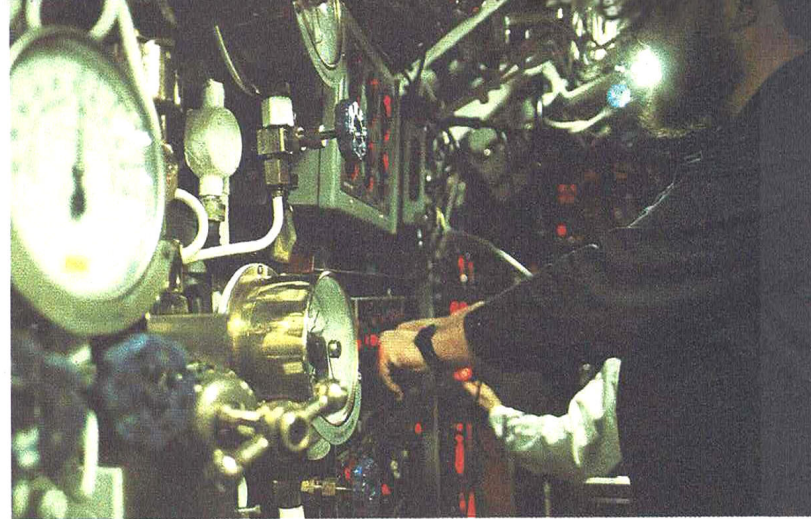
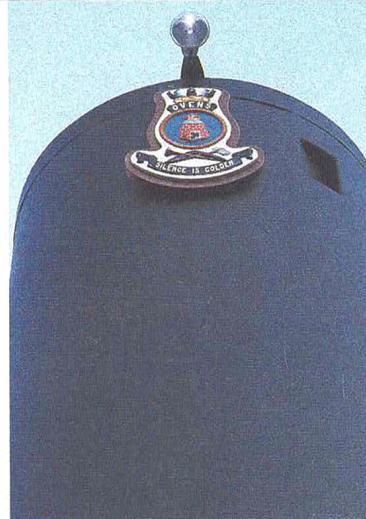
A submarine lives more or less in darkness. It's a pressurised eggshell of metal with 70 or more men crammed into it — and it's loaded with \$30 million worth of lethal American torpedoes and missiles. There are 22 of them, each one designed to kill ships. And that's the sub's job — to stalk ships and sink them. Silently, because its defence lies in surprise and stealth. A submarine is an aggressor, a hunter, operating in a three-dimensional world of depth as well as distance. All ships that operate on the surface — "skimmers" — are the enemy.

It's a world as remote from day-to-day living as you can possibly imagine. It's a world of pressure, of intensity, of constant potential danger. One valve closed when it should be open can result in disaster for the boat. Burst hydraulic lines, air escaping from pressurised bottles, water coming in where it shouldn't — all these are the enemy, too. There's no privacy, too little

sleep, a rare chance to shower and no room at all for mistakes. And that's in peacetime. But in the minds of the men who crew the boat, everything they do is geared towards war.

Australia has six submarines, of which, at any one time, two are out of the water being refitted. One is based near Perth. The other three work out of Sydney. They are all Oberon class boats — conventional, non-nuclear, battery and diesel-driven, operated with hydraulics and compressed air. And if they resemble boats from World War II movies rather than the glamorous vessel in *The Hunt For Red October*, well, that's what they are. The Oberons are post-World War II technology, topped up with some very smart weapons.

The crew usually numbers 65, and together with trainees, the full complement when a sub heads out to sea is around 72. That sounds fine until you actually stand inside the boat and try to imagine fitting that many people into this little space, and keeping them there, sometimes for months on end. On an Oberon class sub (an O-boat,



colloquially) there's no room to swing a prawn, let alone a cat. If you don't like catching a crowded city train, there's no way you'd handle this trip.

HMAS Ovens, Oberon Class, is an old boat — she recently celebrated her 21st birthday. But she's no less lethal for that. The weapons systems aboard are state-of-the-art, and include the American-built Mark 48 and Harpoon Anti-Ship Missile. The Mark 48, says the Executive Officer, Lieutenant Dave Allen, "is an extremely capable torpedo. You can't run away from it. It has its own on-board computer. It will home in on the target, using its sonar. Once it's acquired its target it will steer itself and chase the contact. If it misses it will come around and have another go. It's an incredibly smart weapon."

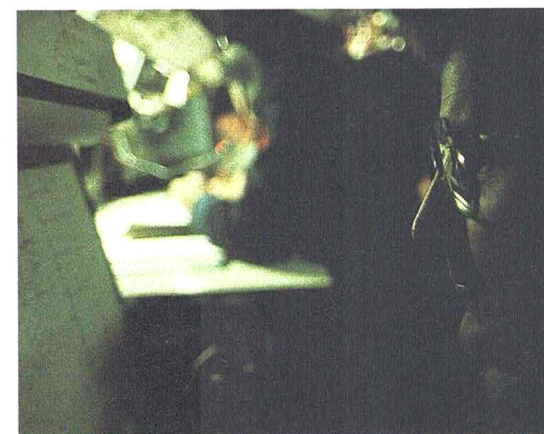
The Harpoon Anti-Ship Missile is in a floating canister, and the target is pre-set. "You can't guide it," says Allen. "You fire it and forget about it." Once fired, the capsule floats to the surface and blows off, releasing the missile. It pops up, starts its jet engine and then sets off in sea-

skimming mode. It locks on to the target and homes straight on to it. It has a range of 70 nautical miles. "The only problem is that it's a bit of an advertisement that we're there, if they do see the missiles coming out of the water," says Allen. "All the same, it's a very capable system." It would want to be, for its money: a Mark 48 is about a million-and-a-half dollars a shot. The Harpoon isn't much cheaper.

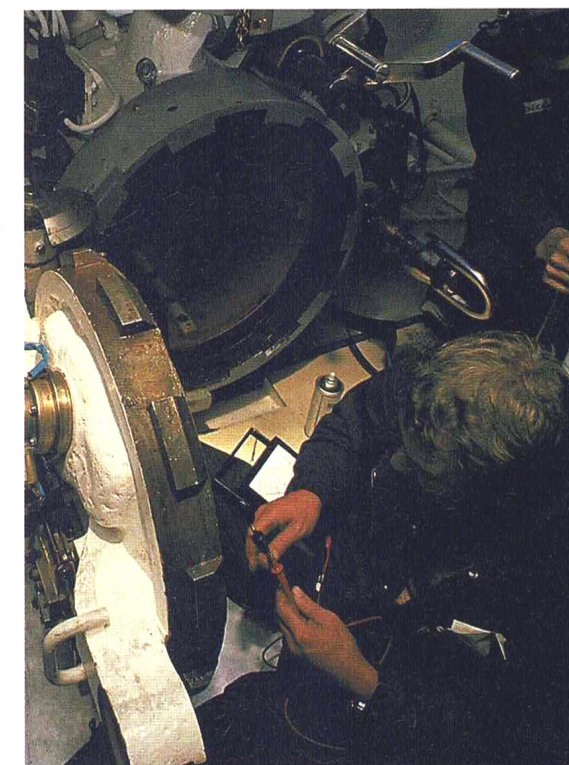
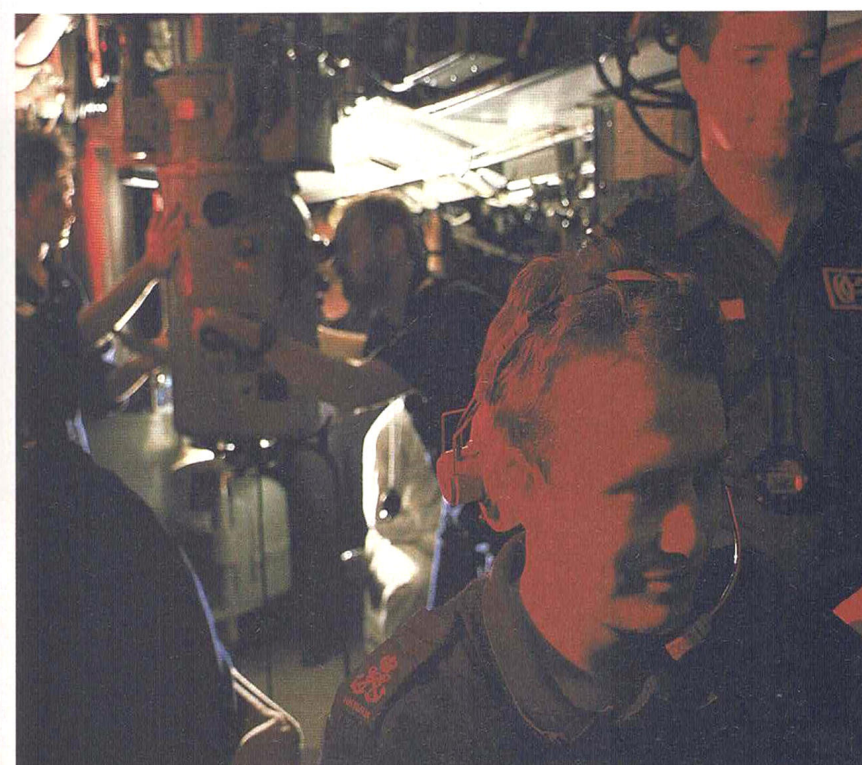
A submarine coming out of refit goes through a working up period in which the crew must execute safety and weapons evolutions. Once operational, the subs occupy themselves with war games, exercising with the Americans, New Zealanders, Singaporeans, Malaysians, Thais and Japanese. "It's good for us too," says Ovens' commanding officer, Lieutenant Commander Brian Anderson, "working with different navies because you get to see the way they operate. We especially like operating against the Americans with their nuclear submarines."

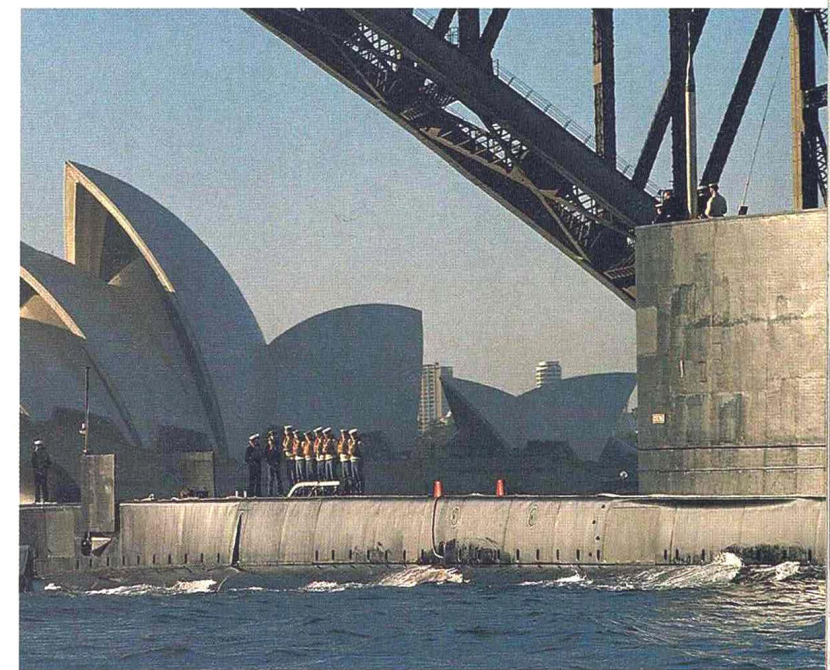
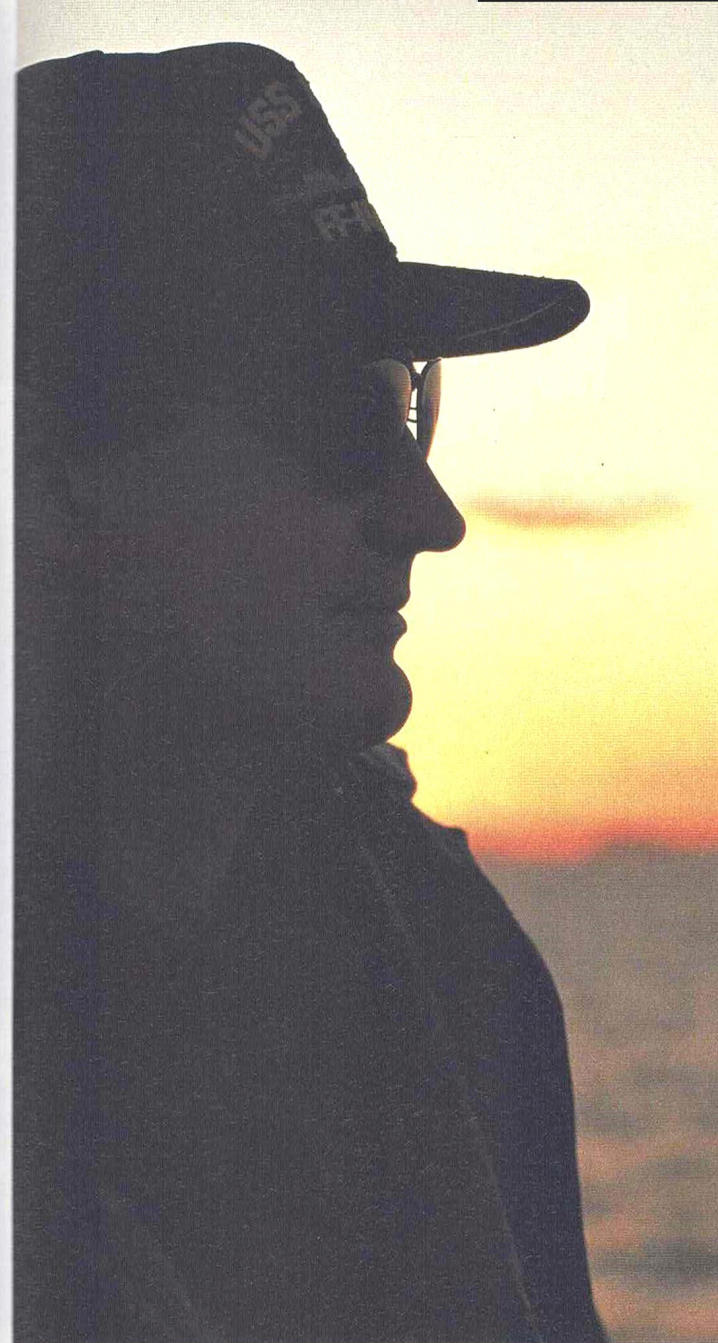
War games involve structured manoeuvres and finally, a period of "free

pressure

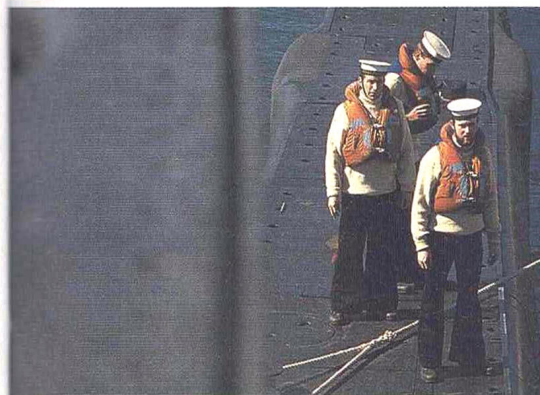


Clockwise from above: The navigator at work; scanning for ships; HMAS Ovens' insignia, worn while in port; pressure gauges in the control room; the radar dome at the bow is made of fibreglass; setting up the torpedo tubes; black-lighting in the control room.





pressure



Clockwise from left: Bluey the cook serves up in the galley; cramped conditions in the for'ard mess; keeping watch on the bridge on a surface run; sunset and fresh air are a treat for submariners; making fast back in port; HMAS Ovens slips down Sydney Harbour after repairs at Cockatoo Island before the state dockyard there closed down; sailors on the casing after tying up.

play" where the sub works in a wartime scenario. "Obviously," says Anderson, "with peacetime constraints. We don't fire weapons. The submarines are always the bad guys in exercises; very rarely do we get to be good guys. Our objective is to go in and A: find them and B: sink them; and they've got to defend themselves. On an exercise like that, you may go through a week or three weeks and not find anything. Or you can be in amongst it the whole time, depending on where you're allocated."

Allen: "We had one that was three weeks long — nothing! Till the night before the end of the exercise. Absolutely nothing."

Anderson: "And that's the luck of the draw. That's what it would be like in wartime. You can sit there and not see anything for ages and then when it happens, it all happens very quickly. And then you sit around there waiting for the next lot."

Allen: "Ninety-nine percent boredom, and one percent sheer terror."

Very few people on board get a full night's sleep. Exempt from watchkeeping

are three senior sailors who do specialist day jobs, and the "tankie" — the chef's assistant who serves the senior sailors' mess. The CO, according to Allen, rarely gets more than 20 minutes' sleep at a time.

In normal peacetime operations, watchkeeping is three hours on, six hours off with two officers in the control room at any one time. In wartime operations or exercises, the crew splits in half and goes on to two watches — six hours on, six off, with four officers on station. When in two watches, the submarine is ready for anything. The peak state of readiness is Action Stations, where everybody is on station and the sub closes up completely.

The new Collins class subs, now being built in South Australia, will replace the Oberons in around nine years' time. They will be the most advanced conventional sub in the world — bigger, high-tech, computer operated. With four- and six-berth cabins for the men, conditions aboard will be better, too. "They've finally decided to look after the people in the new submarine," Allen says.

body



language

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GLENN BRADLEY

Jacques, from Lyons, France, was spending the winter working at a local resort to improve his English. He did not escape the attention of Annabel, who was staying at the lodge alone. After watching him for a day or two, she invited Jacques to join her for a drink in her suite.





She explained to Jacques how her boyfriend, a businessman, was too busy to join her. In fact, he barely ever spent time with her and she felt very lonely sometimes. "But how terrible, chérie," Jacques sympathised. "I think I have a solution to this problem."



Jacques' solution soon had Annabel hot as a furnace. He discovered that she had great reserves of energy which she was eager to expend on him. There was no such word as "enough" in her private vocabulary. Jacques was only too happy to be of service. After all, it was a great way to work on his English.





advisor

Candid counsel on everything you wanted to know about sex but couldn't find anyone to ask

Ears alive

Is it true that women can have orgasms simply from having their ears nibbled? I used to go out with a girl who went wild when I licked her ears, and I thought she had a few roos loose in the top paddock. But then I read about these women who can come without clitoral stimulation. Is this true? How many women can do it? Can I make a woman come this way?

According to American statistics, perhaps 20 percent of women can reach orgasm without clitoral or genital stimulation. This is called extra-genital orgasmic (EGO) response. EGO areas include breasts, thighs, buttocks, neck, eyelids and ears. To make a woman come this way, first of all you have to find an EGO responsive woman, and then you have to find out how she likes it done. You can give most women the ear wash of their lives and they'll find it stimulating, but they'll still want you to apply your tongue/dick to their genitals eventually. Good luck.

Clit puzzle

I'm 19, and am going out with my first girlfriend. I always heard that a clitoris was like a miniature penis, but my girlfriend's isn't anything like that. If she hadn't told me where it was, I don't reckon I'd have found it. Is she unusual? Do clitorises do anything else except cause women to come?

The clitoris is compared to the penis because of its position and composition — meaning that they are both composed of erectile tissue which fills with blood and swells during arousal. It doesn't look like a penis, if that's what you were wondering. The clitoris has no other function than to transmit sexual stimuli. Doesn't seem like there's much unusual about your girlfriend — she's pointing you in the right direction. Trust her.



Lost youth

I started masturbating when I was 15, and I'm 21 now. When I masturbate now, I don't come as forcefully or as copiously as I once did. How can I regain the intensity while jerking off?

Maybe things have slowed down because the experience is no longer new. Are you having sex with women, too? Masturbation is bound to lose some of its kick if you are having more varied sex. If you want to revive intense orgasms, abstain for a while. Then plan your experience as though it was a seduction, complete with wine, reading matter and music.

Deceleration

Why is it that a single wrong move can turn a hot, panting woman off? I can have my girlfriend worked up to a lather and then touch her in the wrong place and it's as though she's had cold water thrown all over her. For instance, she can be on the point of coming, and then if I graze her clit with my chin by mistake, she loses it, yelps and pulls away. When I'm hot, I don't notice it if there are nails dug into my back or whatever. Why are women so sensitive?

You might notice it if someone rubbed a rasp over the head of your dick. A chin with stubble on it can be a nasty shock to a highly sensitive clit. Women react with different degrees of sensitivity, however, and not all women are so sensitive. Lots of women would appreciate you getting your chin damp in the first place. Maybe your girlfriend's overreacting a bit. Or maybe

you should make an effort and shave before you dive.

Backdoor man

I have a new partner who only wants to screw doggy-style. He won't (and never has) done it any other way with me. He also won't ever go down. He simply says that "he doesn't." Now he says that he'd rather have anal sex than normal (doggy style) sex. I'm not that keen, because he's very rough. I'm beginning to think he's a bit weird. Or am I imagining it?

No, you're not. I wouldn't call it weird. I'd be tempted to call it downright inconsiderate, but I think there's more to it than

that. Has this man any doubts as to his sexuality? He appears to be doing his best to ignore the fact that you're female. I can think of no other reason for such extraordinary sexual arrogance than a genuine dislike of women. Why put up with this garbage? I'd tell him to get lost. There are plenty of great men out there who like women and know how to make them happy in bed.

Name game

At the height of an orgasm the other night, my wife started groaning, "Ken, Ken." Only thing is, my name's Chris. When I asked her, she said it was a fantasy name of an image she invoked — a Superman-type hero in a silver suit. Thinking of him made her orgasms more intense. We've been married for six years. She's never mentioned such a fantasy before. What do you reckon?

Surely, if she had such a fantasy, she'd have said something about it in six years. You could get yourself a silver suit with KEN printed on it, pretend to be a Superman hero and see if it turns her on a lot. If it doesn't, start looking around your neighborhood for people called Ken who might be friendly with your wife. And ask her if, in her fantasy, her hero uses condoms. You do have a right to know.

Taste test

I know men like to come in women's mouths, and that it's a big deal for them if a woman swallows the lot, etc. My boyfriend is keen, too. He pointedly reads me the

bits of Forum letters where women suck men dry and swallow every drop. He enthusiastically goes down on me and it's great. But I feel I should reciprocate. Only thing is, I hate the taste of semen. It makes me feel sick.

If you get it at the back of the throat, you won't taste a thing. Surely the thought of the pleasure that you're giving him outweighs the displeasure you get from the taste?

If you continue to find it difficult, think up something highly pleasurable that you'd like him to do for you, and request that for each time he comes in your mouth, he responds with your special treat. In that way, you'll begin to associate sucking him off with the pleasure that he gives you, and the taste problem will most likely fade. If it doesn't, try following up with some fresh strawberries. Or tell him that you don't mind giving head, but what really turns you on is if he comes between your breasts, on your stomach or behind your knees.

Sound and fury

I don't know what to do. My girlfriend is really noisy when we have sex. When she comes, the whole neighborhood knows about it. It's so embarrassing. I've asked her to bite the pillow, but she forgets.

What's wrong with the healthy expression of pleasure? Or with the neighborhood knowing you have sex? The notion of sex as surreptitious shuffling in the dark died earlier this century. Don't ask her to suppress her enjoyment. Relax. Make the most of it. Join in too.

Neighbors

A very sexy man has moved into the flat next door, and I'd like to seduce him. I think he's single. How should I approach him?

Try getting to know him first. Say hullo if you see him around the flats. Wear sexy clothes. Invite him to dinner/movies/the beach. If he's interested, take it from there. If he isn't, respect his space.

Resistance

When my girlfriend and I have intercourse, my penis gets only about an inch into her vagina before meeting resistance. What can make fucking easier and more enjoyable for us?

It sounds as if you are trying to penetrate a virgin who still has a tough hymen. Or possibly you have a very large cock and she is rather small. Or it could be that she's tensing up. Certainly you need more lubrication. Sexual satisfaction should not be difficult to achieve. Try more foreplay. More oral play. If the problems persist, she should consult a doctor.

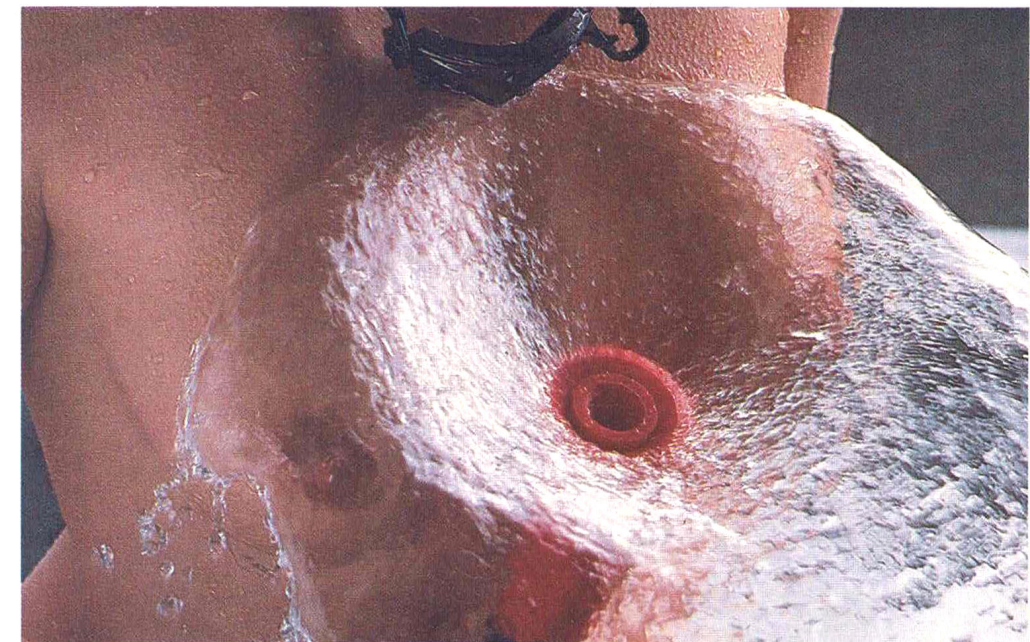
High and dry

My girlfriend often dries up on me. She'll start out wet, but if I'm fingering her or if I pull out to change positions in the middle of a fuck, she goes dry and wants to use jelly. Does this mean she's faking the fact that she likes sex?

No, of course it doesn't. Just as men like to measure themselves sexually by the length of their dicks, they measure a

The trouble is, sometimes I have wet dreams. I can't help it. But when she sees the results, she won't believe I couldn't help it and she really screams at me. I've tried sleeping with a towel wrapped around me but it's uncomfortable. What can I do?

Your problem extends beyond whether or not you have wet dreams. It extends to a profound intrusion on your personal privacy. Mother or not, religious or not, she has no right to harass you in such a way. In this instance, I suggest you consult your family GP and ask him to explain the basic facts of male physiology to your mother, who is apparently ignorant of them. You might also wish, through school or Family Planning, to see a counsellor for advice. It's your sexuality that's under threat, and you have a right to protect yourself.



woman's desire by the extent of her wetness. Wetness varies from woman to woman and from minute to minute. Anything which has a dehydrating effect on the body — alcohol, marijuana — can cause dryness. Or a prolonged fuck can do it. A cramped back muscle can do it. Use the jelly and relax. If she didn't like it, I'll bet you she wouldn't be there.

Home trouble

I'm 19 and still living at home. My family, especially my mother, is very religious (although I'm not). My mother has a hang-up about sex. Every morning she inspects my sheets to see if I have been "sinning."

Shavers

How do women feel about shaved pussies? Women I have known will shave if asked, but they rarely initiate the practice. Why is that?

Probably for a perfectly practical reason — it itches like crazy when growing out again. Most women I know would shave quite happily if asked to do so, or if they knew it was a big turn-on for their lover. But beyond that, it's not a big deal. Some women say they feel more vulnerable when shaved, which might explain why they'll only do it if someone they trust asks it of them. O—

PROFILES

Continued from page 31

death and decapitation of the young woman. In the jargon of the FBI profilers, the killer was of the "organised" variety. Indeed, Walters believed that the killer brought his own murder kit to the scene of the crime and gained great satisfaction from separating the fingers and the head from the rest of the body.

Kim Barry's killer had obviously fantasised about this crime for some months prior to committing it. According to Walters, the fingers of the murdered woman were taken because they served as sexual fetishes for the killer. This crime, the psychologist considered, was particularly brutal because the close and "personalised" way in which the murder took place allowed the perpetrator "to feel the victim's life forces draining from her."

Walters explained to his police audience how Kim Barry would have been conned into accepting a lift in the killer's car, the intense pleasure Potter derived from reading about his crime in the newspapers, and how the man's ego would mesmerise him into overconfidence that would lead to his capture.

The police medical officers who heard Richard Walters' analysis and the detectives who worked on the Kim Barry murder were impressed with the profile of the killer painted by the psychologist. Given this initial interest in profiling, you could have expected that the NSW Police would have

encouraged the development of profiling in their own force.

This was not to be. In fact, until fairly recently, there has been an inexcusable indifference in all Australian police forces to this remarkable technique. When, during Sydney's infamous "granny murders", I criticised the NSW police for not having developed profiling skills, some cops rubbished the idea.

"Profiles don't work," they said. Others argued that the technique could not provide the hard evidence necessary to lay charges. "The real danger is that police can jump on a stereotyped view of the person they're looking for," one officer said. "This could allow the real offender to get away."

Such comments show a complete misunderstanding of both the technique of profiling and its devastating effectiveness. As the head of Victoria's Rape Squad, Inspector Dannye Moloney, points out, profiling, although more complex than DNA analysis or fingerprinting, is an important investigative tool. It allows the police to reduce the number of suspects in a major investigation from more than 100 in some cases to fewer than a dozen.

Research conducted by the FBI has concluded that its profiling services contribute significant aid in 80 percent of the more than 600 cases it now accepts each year. And these cases cover not only serial murders, but attacks by pedophiles, arson and bombings.

But despite all this, profiling has been very slow to catch on in Australia. In February 1986 I pointed out in *Penthouse* that a

new type of sexual "thrill" murderer was grotesquely projecting himself on to the Australian crime scene. The cases I mentioned then included the well-known "Truro" murders in South Australia, the case of the two soldiers who tortured a young boy to death in Kingscliff, NSW, the mutilation murders of several adolescent boys in South Australia, and many other similar crimes.

Since 1986 the roll call of ritual killing has continued. In Western Australia a man and a woman have been convicted of sexually abusing and then murdering four young women. In Noosa, Queensland a couple were convicted of a similar crime after abducting a young teenage girl. A man is currently facing trial after the gruesome murders of several elderly women in Mosman, Sydney. The Anita Cobby killers are in jail, as are at least a score of other sex murderers whose crimes over the last five years have shocked the complacency out of Australians.

More important, however, are the killings that have not been solved in recent years. A number of teenage boys were horribly mutilated in South Australia in the early Eighties by a sinister group the media have dubbed "The Family." Despite widespread speculation as to their identities, no arrests have been made. Similarly, the police seem unable to solve the murders of at least five women at Tynong North in Victoria that took place around the same period.

In fact, most people would be amazed at the number of Australians who apparently disappear off the face of the Earth each year. Although police find most of the 25,000 men and women who are reported missing annually, roughly 300 of them are never found.

Some of these undoubtedly have been murdered and buried in our vast expanses of wilderness. Others are discovered dead, their corpses violated or mutilated, adding to the number of unsolved killings that congest police files. In Victoria alone, 783 people were murdered over the last decade. One hundred of these cases remain unsolved.

Faced with these unresolved and often brutal murders, at least some Australian police forces are turning to profiling because of its demonstrated value as an investigative tool. Police in Victoria have already sent an officer to the FBI's Behavioral Science Unit in Quantico, Virginia, to learn the technique, and other forces are considering establishing their own profiling units.

This flurry of interest in profiling has come many years later than it should have. But at least a beginning has been made. The age of the sexual thrill killer is well and truly established in Australia. Our police need all the scientific help they can get to counter those whose lust to kill drives them relentlessly and ruthlessly towards their unsuspecting victims. 

*Paul Wilson is a writer and criminologist.



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vaudeville Stevie

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER

All the world's a stage and that's exactly where Stevie Benton likes to be. From working as a back-up singer in a country band, she's now concentrating on tap dancing. Stevie's family are all in the theatre. Her mother is a hypnotist and card reader and her brother Jake is a ventriloquist.







Stevie, 26, has broad horizons. "What I'd really love to do is dance in the big stage shows like *Chorus Line* and *Can Can*, or in musicals like *Oklahoma*. It must have been fantastic dancing in those." Stevie gets plenty of work around town dancing and modelling, but always a restless soul, she's thinking about going to New York. "Just to see the lights of Broadway," she sighs.



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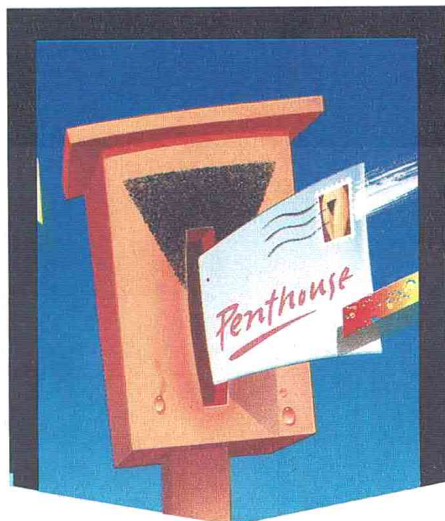
Life is what you make of it, the homespun saying goes, and Cindy Steele intends to make it to the top. Currently an office manager in rural Ohio, 26-year-old Cindy, a fitness buff, hopes to one day start her own health club. "With me in charge," she muses, "how could it lose?"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS



"Staying fit is a big priority with me," says the 35-24-34 Cindy. "I enjoy skiing or just taking a brisk walk in the woods with my dogs. My girlfriends all insist that blondes have more fun, but I don't think that's always true. You wouldn't believe how many guys are too intimidated to approach me!"





forum

Continued from page 8

on his face, covering it in my juices. He slobbered aimlessly, occasionally making full contact with my clitoris. I could now feel Julianne's hair brushing over my back-side. Then light kisses down my back and over my buttocks. I looked around and saw Julianne — her beautiful face was just inches from my arse.

She appeared to be looking longingly straight up my arsehole. I could almost feel her stare looking right to the centre of me. I felt so horny. I turned around, but as I did so Julianne pulled away, in an attempt to suggest that Paul was her only objective.

I relaxed for a while astride Paul's chest and watched Julianne undress. She took off her black taffeta dress carefully and

placed it to one side. She wore black lingerie with suspenders, as I had pictured her doing. Her breasts were smaller than mine, but so perfect. Typical! I wanted her to take her clothes off totally. Thankfully she did. After she had peeled off her black stockings, Paul insisted that she put her high-heeled shoes back on. The sight of her moving toward the couch with no clothes on, in high heels, just about blew my mind.

She moved on to the couch slowly. I watched that beautiful patch of pubic hair between her legs move ever so slightly as she did. Paul angled me down his chest until I straddled his cock. I faced Julianne and watched her in anticipation. Paul drew me up and nestled the head of his hard penis in the hollow leading to my anus. He pressed me down against his head. I wasn't sure that this was what I wanted, so I gave him no assistance. Julianne watched reasonably closely, with one hand on either of my knees and looking between my pussy lips to my anus. Paul's head finally worked a little inside me, and he began the in-out movement. I wasn't sure whether I could cope with the thickness of his cock in my rear, and was rather hesitant. Julianne seemed to understand and smiled at me, saying, "easy, easy." Sure enough, I began to sink down fairly quickly on the shaft. As the last movement forced the last inch inside me, Julianne enveloped the entirety of my cunt with her mouth. I was so surprised I screamed with delight. There I was, secured on this writhing shaft with a girl eating me at the same time. I looked down at Julianne. Her lips looked like red jelly; her tongue was shining with saliva and my juices. I could

not believe a face so perfect could eat me so overwhelmingly.

She seemed starved for more of me. She licked and ate with such fervor that I wanted her to bite into me. Her face soon became covered in juices and as she gazed up at me with her brown eyes, that sight, and the sight of her tongue still maintaining a vigilant contact with my clit, brought my body to an unsurpassed orgasm. I leant back and almost went through the roof. Julianne withdrew and Paul then, very forcefully, threw me forward into a doggy style and began pounding his cock in and out of my anus. I actually loved it. It took only five powerful strokes for Paul to reach orgasm. I felt him come inside my arse, but quickly he withdrew until his head was once again nestled against my opening. He continued to come all over and around my hole, which began to dribble on to the couch.

I was a sticky mess. My arsehole felt incredibly loose and slimy. I was sweating a little on my back. I lay flat on my front on the couch for a little while with one leg hanging limply over the edge, leaving the cheeks of my arse slightly parted. Julianne worked around to my back, and as if her tongue hadn't already seen enough action, she parted my cheeks and began to lick Paul's semen from my body. It was an amazing feeling. I was hesitant as the point of her tongue licked hard into my arsehole in search of the source of the remaining semen, but I loosened myself and spread myself further as the sensation spread.

The urge to eat her pussy and experience the taste of girl once again was the incentive I needed to pick myself up. Paul had got up to clean himself, so I had Julianne entirely to myself. I pushed her back on the couch and held her arms back over her head. This girl was mine. There she was in front of me, my secret desire actually waiting for me to do what I had so long desired, but considered impossible. I took as much of each breast into my mouth as I could and licked, sucked and nibbled. Julianne was so horny by now that her body was heaving. I pushed one, then two fingers into her vagina. They went in easily. Her lips were dark, yet the slimy soft flesh inside was so pink, it was a marked contrast. I ran my fingers slowly, then quickly across her clitoris. I continued to suck on her breasts. Julianne was overcome. She climaxed with loud yells, followed by uncontrollable moaning.

Her snatch became so wet, I could barely maintain contact with her clitoris. Julianne guided my head between her legs. She then took hold of her ankles and proceeded to lift her bottom off the couch, exposing not only her moist pussy but also her arsehole. I could already smell her heady scent. From my previous experience I did not expect the scent to be so strong. I was not sure that I would like it. Nevertheless I wasted no time in taking

one big lick from the bottom of her crack to the top. The fleshy feel was fantastic and the taste became irrelevant. I was eating Julianne and we were both loving it. At the time, I just hoped this would last forever.

I could have spent the rest of the day with my tongue just where she wanted it. Julianne indicated that she wanted me to lick lower. I remembered the sensation and thinking that I should return the favor, ran my tongue around and then into her rear end. Her olive skin darkened slightly in the section of folded skin that met at a tight point. Julianne obviously loved attention on this point (and Paul too, for that matter). I then began to insert my finger into her anus, being very careful not to hurt her with my fingernails. I then darted my tongue back and forth over Julianne's clitoris until she could stand no more. Her anus was very tight around my finger as she jerked to an exhilarating climax.

Julianne and I lay together for quite a while, totally satisfied with proceedings. We looked into each other's eyes for so long, I felt like telling her I loved her. Finally we kissed. I had never kissed her before. It was so soft and sweet. It was everything I wanted it to be. We kissed like no guy could ever kiss. Neither of us wanted to let go.

Then Paul came back into the room. We all went to the bedroom intending to go to sleep, but Paul was still pretty toey. Julianne lay on one side of the bed while Paul began to fuck me like a bull. Sure he was great looking, but the experience I had just had would be second to none. He fucked me in all positions — doggy, missionary, anal and so on. While he did so, he told me how beautiful I was. I felt so sorry for Julianne.

She just watched, pretending to be asleep for the whole session. I was exhausted at the end of it. When I insisted that it was time for sleep, Paul told me that I could only do so if I kept his cock in my mouth at all times. I promised that I would try. That was quite difficult as Paul was more or less erect for the first half hour of this stint and insisted on trying to force his penis to the back of my throat whenever I appeared to be dozing. He inserted one finger up Julianne's anus for most of the night. Otherwise she was paid no attention. In the morning Paul fucked me hard once more in front of Julianne and gave her little more than a taste of some semen and my juices on the end of his dick as he got up to get dressed.

I didn't even get the opportunity to kiss Julianne goodbye. Paul got me out of the flat quick smart. I think he was a little jealous of what might have happened during the day had Julianne and I stayed together. Needless to say, Julianne has since left Paul.

I've seen Julianne only occasionally since that night. We have not really had a chance to talk about it. One night outside a party she pushed up against me, jamming her knee between my legs.

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Unfortunately we were disturbed and nothing came of it.

I still fantasise about that night. I hope she does too. Even though I am not bisexual, I am now looking more closely at all the models I am working with, particularly in the change rooms. Some of them help partially to remind me of the night. As for Julianne, one day it might just happen again. — *Name and address withheld*

Toorak tango

My boss gave me a job to do in leafy Toorak. As a carpenter I had to change the sash cord in a window. It was a rather warm day in early summer so I was wearing the normal summer work outfit of singlet and a pair of stubbies. The house was a huge two-storey affair.

After pressing the doorbell I waited until the door opened, revealing a tall brunette dressed in a short summer wrap. After I had recovered from this beautiful sight I informed her that I was here to fix the window. She nodded and led the way to the upstairs lounge room. My eyes wouldn't leave that gorgeous little butt as it swayed to and fro up the stairs. I could feel an ache in my balls as I thought of plunging my dick deep into her pussy.

After she left, I commenced work on the window, which overlooked the swimming

pool. About half an hour later she walked out to the lounge chair by the pool. She dropped her bag and slipped out of her wrap, displaying a tight, well exercised body. (By this time, I had forgotten all about work.) Next, out came the suntan cream, which she massaged into her skin. My pole was hard and aching by this stage and it got worse as I saw her remove her bikini top. Her tits didn't even move as she continued to rub in the cream.

Next she started to use both hands to rub the cream into her tits. Then she started rocking her hips. Her nipples were hard and one of her hands had moved to her pussy. By this time I had my cock out, and was giving it a good go until I came. After she had relaxed from her fun I continued work until I heard a knock at the door and she came in with a tray of drinks. I watched her move into the room, and in particular her bum, as she bent over from the waist to put down the tray. I couldn't believe my eyes as I saw this curly, red-haired pussy appear under her wrap. I felt that old stirring again.

When she stood up, her wrap had fallen open to reveal a thin red bush. By this time it was obvious to her that my cock was rock hard in my shorts. She moved towards me, slipping off her wrap, displaying those beautiful upward-pointing tits. Placing both hands behind my head, she gave me a deeply sensuous kiss which got hotter as time went on. At the same time

she manoeuvred herself so that one of her legs was rubbing my cock and her pussy was being massaged on my thigh, where I could feel her moisture starting to flow. I was caressing her bum, by now, and feeling her hard nipples against my chest.

I bent over and started sucking her nipples as she worked my cock free. Once it was out of my shorts, she knelt down and proceeded to suck me off. I came hard and fast, and I was on the point of collapsing from ecstasy, so we moved to the sofa, where she started sucking my cock again. She had positioned her moist, steamy pussy directly over my face. I proceeded to eat her with vigor, licking around her hole and especially her love button. I tried to hold out, but I couldn't wait any longer and again I came in that hot mouth of hers. With the last of my vigorous licks to her pussy I could feel her bum contract in spasms, and she bucked against my face, much to my delight.

At this point we collapsed and rested for a while before she started licking my balls. This gave me another massive hard-on. This time she mounted me and rode me wildly, finally squeezing all the remaining juice from my balls. Straight after I came, she got up, picked up her wrap, threw it over her shoulder and returned to the pool. I finished the job and left without saying goodbye. What a job! No wonder the boss didn't believe me! — *Name and address withheld* ☐

BLACK LABEL E D I T I O N forum

Triple play

My name is Shireen. I'm five feet six inches tall, 53kg, and my figure is 34B-22-35. I've kept my shape (I'm 35) by walking and very little else. My husband Ian turned me on to walking several years ago, when he was recovering from a sprained back. Ian has turned me on to many things during our 15 years of marriage, including bringing others into our sex life. I recently had my first threesome, and I'd like to tell *Penthouse* readers how it came to be.

For the past year or so, Ian would tease me about having two men at the same time. I usually pretended it didn't get to me, but I couldn't hide my passion when he surprised me by fucking me with a large dildo while we were doing a sixty-nine. I lost all sense of reality; in my mind I was with my husband and another man. I came and came like never before. Afterwards Ian told me that if I liked him and a dildo so much, we should try the real thing. Over the next few months, we repeated this practice many times, and Ian kept teasing me about doing it for real.

I wasn't sure if he was serious or not, but I couldn't help fantasising about it. Soon I was fantasising about every interesting man I met. I started checking out every crotch I saw, wondering how big the guy's cock was and how a different cock would feel in my pussy or taste in my mouth. I told Ian about my fantasies, and he surprised me with his reaction. He said he understood, especially since I had never been with anyone but him. He went on to say that he would work out the details for me, and help make my dreams real.

Together we chose Simon, an old friend of Ian's, as he was the most discreet man we both knew. He also happens to be very handsome. Everything clicked when we found out that Simon's wife was going away for a few days. Coincidentally, there happened to be a boat show in our neighborhood that weekend, and since both men are boating enthusiasts, we invited Simon to stay over at our place.

Simon arrived on Saturday morning. I told him that I had too much to do, so he and Ian should go to the show without me. I spent the day preparing for the evening, nervously hoping that Ian could prepare Simon for the main event.

They returned home a little late. When I asked where they had been, they laughed and said to a strip joint. That was my cue. I asked if they'd seen anything better than me. Of course, they had to say no. I poured us some drinks and pretended to be a little angry.

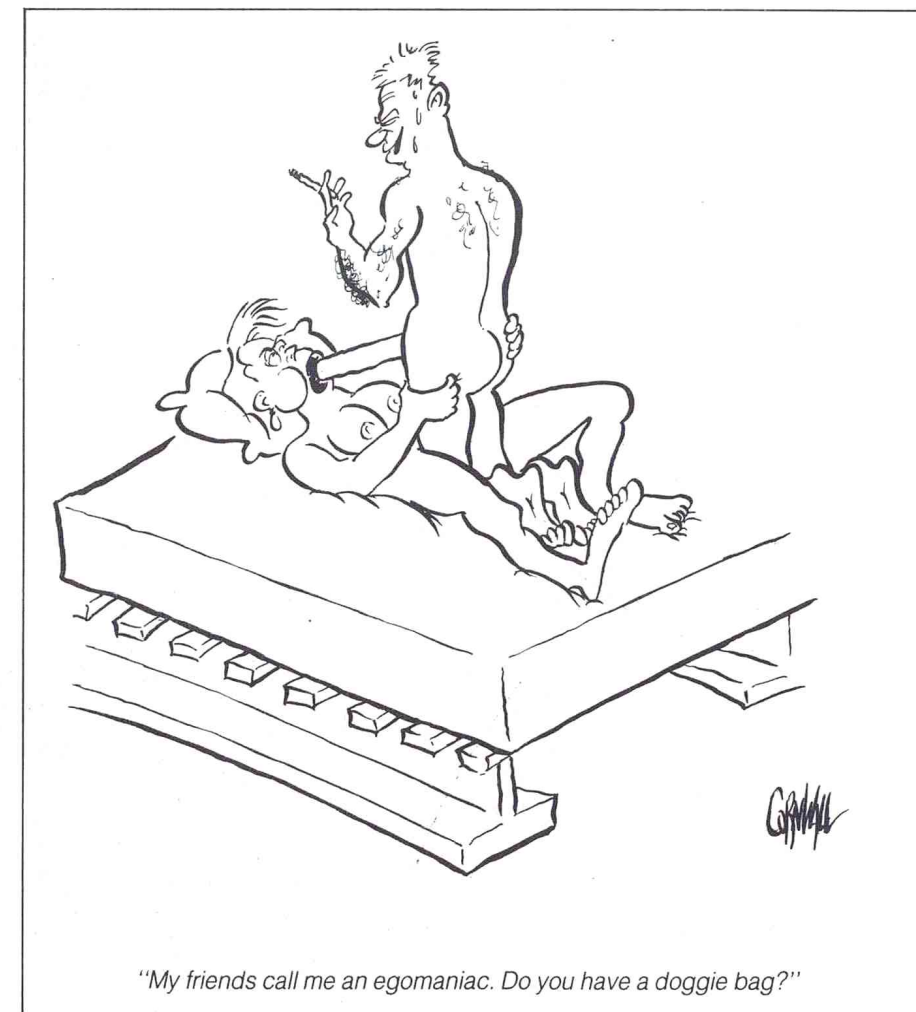
The more we relaxed, the more apologetic they became. Ian said that if I could dance like the women they had seen they would have come straight home. He made it sound like a challenge, and I accepted his dare. I told him to put on some music and I would show them what dancing was all about. Simon looked shocked as Ian bent to the stereo. I started dancing slowly, touching myself in all the right places, while watching their expressions. I also watched to see if I was having any effect on their crotches. I was horny as hell, and when I saw the growing need in their pants, I started to strip. When I got down to my panties and bra, I stopped. When they protested, I innocently asked if they wanted me to go on. They both said they wanted more.

I removed my bra and danced over to Simon. He just sat there smiling, not sure if he should touch me. I put my hands on his head and guided his lips to my nipples. As he sucked on them, I sat on his lap and rubbed my cunt on his growing cock. When he started to moan, I stepped back and continued my dance.

I pulled at my panties, again asking if

they wanted me to carry on. When they said yes, I told them I would if I could also undress them. Ian stood up and told me to go for it. I slowly unbuttoned his shirt and pulled it off. I kissed his nipples, working my way down to his belly until I reached his belt. Then I moved over to Simon and unbuckled his belt. I slid his pants and briefs down, and his cock shot up right in my face. It was huge. I looked at my husband and asked him if it was all right if I tasted this monster. Ian's only response was to pull his own pants off as quickly as possible. I took this for a yes. I had Simon lie back and took his prick in my hands. I put my tongue under his hairy balls, the way I do for Ian, and licked his balls and scrotum. I let my tongue slide all the way up the length of his shaft until I came to the little flap of skin under the head of his dick.

I teased him for a few seconds, then took as much as I could into my mouth. He started pumping faster and faster, and I knew he was ready to come. I pulled my head away and asked him if I let him come now, would he be able to fuck me later? When he said yes, in the most lustful way I've ever heard, I slurped his cock back into my mouth and started sucking for all I was worth. When he shot his wad into my hungry mouth, I came too. Before I knew what was happening, Ian was behind me, shoving his dick into my cunt. Here I was, with my mouth full of strange cock, while



"My friends call me an egomaniac. Do you have a doggie bag?"

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BLACK LABEL E D I T I O N forum

my husband was fucking me like a wild man. I kept coming and coming, and when Ian let his load fly, I honestly thought I would lose my mind.

It was the first of many, and Simon is now our special friend. — *Name and address withheld*

Caught red-handed

After a six-month separation my husband phoned and asked me out for a reconciliation dinner and nightclubbing — how could a horny girl refuse! I dressed provocatively — micro-short mini dress plunged at front and rear, lots of Opium perfume and nothing else.

The dinner was full of sexual innuendo and the first nightclub really got us hot and bothered. A beach girl contest was in full swing and with everyone pressed up tightly round the stage, I had a lecherous time jamming up in front of my husband and wriggling my arse into his beautiful bulge while my hands were busy down his jeans stroking his enlarging pole and grabbing his balls.

I had to ease off the poor man, so we rushed outside and tumbled into a waiting limo. Once seated we leapt at each other and engaged in a slow sensual kiss. I became enormously aroused and sank my hand down his pants and found his huge erection throbbing and slippery where he'd oozed some precome. Meanwhile, he had my nipple in his mouth and was rolling it round and biting it gently. I knew he wanted to fuck me right there and then but I decided to 'tease my darling and asked to be taken to my favorite nightclub. I found talk difficult with all this action on my nipples — the fondling and licking was sending lightning bolts of pleasure down to my love button. (I go out of control when my nipples are sucked — they're super-sensitive and have a direct link-up to my clit.)

We arrived at the club and straightened our clothes, then ran inside. My favorite dance track — "Lambada" — was playing. It was like a magnet had slapped us together and we slowly began to cruise. His hand slid up my thigh, tucking itself into that secret love place between my arse cheeks. His fingers found my dripping gash, and soon he was stroking my lips and probing my slippery depths. I didn't consider how everyone present was getting a front-row view of my naked arse with my man's hand buried within! I nearly fainted with pleasure as he pulled me in

hard against his humungous bulge. I gasped with surprise and glanced down. I'd have bet his cock was so hard a cat couldn't scratch it. I had to have that big juicy shaft — now!

Pulling away, I looked him in the eyes and ran my tongue round my pouting lips, saying: "Let's get out of here."

Outside, I looked feverishly for somewhere to go. I spied a relatively dark stairwell and we rushed up to the landing. With one movement my man had raised my dress up and was nibbling and caressing my now rock-hard nipples. The night breeze was delicious against my nakedness and I swayed with delight. My darling then sank down and buried his head in my honey patch and slurped and sucked on my tingling clit. Often he'd dart his tongue up my spasming tunnel and lap my flowing juices. With a squeal I came like a locomotive, nearly collapsing at the force of my orgasm.

While I caught my breath, he eyed me lustfully and stroked his long thick pole, his hand moving slowly and caressingly. Oh, I had to have that cock, and now! I dropped to my knees and took my bedroom buddy into my hungry mouth. I swirled my tongue around the silken knob and tickled its eye, then traced an engorged, pulsating vein down to his balls. Their swollen state was decidedly dangerous, so with a gentle kiss I leaned over the banister with my beautiful arse cheeks smiling up at him.

He loves this and delights in fucking me doggy-style. With a slow, sensuous smile he grabbed a handful of each globe and sank his cock to the hilt up into my glorious love tunnel. The sensations were fantastic!

With slow teasing strokes, then harder and faster, he fucked me for all he was worth. He'd pull out almost completely, I'd beg him for more cock, then he'd plunge back in and furiously pump away like a man with a mission. I was in heaven, getting the loving of my life.

My clit tensed up and I felt the contractions build up in my pussy walls and then I was over the edge, screaming and crying and arching my back, thrusting to get more depth of cock. Poor hubby couldn't hang on any more and with a groan of pleasure sank his cock deep inside my pulsating pussy and pumped a huge amount of creamy juice up inside me. I used my secret muscles and sucked him dry, relishing every moment of our mutual release.

And just at that same instant we were startled with the sound of loud applause and wolf whistles. We'd had an audience for our lustful encounter and had been so engrossed in each other's bodies that we'd failed to notice the crowd of voyeurs that had gathered.

A bit red-faced, but extremely contented, we strolled through the appreciative group and had a romantic walk home. — *Name and address withheld* ☪



Green

Continued from page 38

the environment movement who are more interested in their personal careers... The environment is being compromised. It's obvious people have to continue to work outside the system and not rely on any powers that be, including the environment movement."

Cohen was firmly convinced of this after the high-profile two-year South East Forest campaign in NSW failed to save the National Estate areas from logging. From February 1989 until the October 1990 Federal Government decision to protect only 56 percent of the National Estate, there were 1300 arrests, mainly for trespass, in the SE forests and East Gippsland areas. But Cohen is greatly frustrated with NVA (non-violent action), "where everyone stands up, smiles sweetly at the police and gets arrested. There needs to be a new cutting edge and then it would seem the situation is serious enough that people are stopping the work by stopping the earth-destroying industrial equipment, which means sabotage."

The latest word from New Zealand is that ecoteurs have been throwing plastic pellets into the woodchip piles at the mill. When processed, the paper products have "windows" which render them useless because of the damage they can cause to photocopiers and office equipment. But along with dozer destruction, Wilderness Society spokesman A.J. Brown says this sort of caper has no role at all in the campaign.

The SE Forest strategy did, however, include digging holes so protesters could bury themselves in the road up to their necks; concreting metal devices into the road, into which they locked their hands; and tree-sitting, where they manned platforms high in the canopy to prevent dozers going through.

David Burgess, 21, a journalism student, set a new record for tree-sitting — 50 days continuously, starting on Christmas Day, 1989. He and a support group, hidden in a nearby bush camp in the Coolangubra forest, maintained three

platforms which prevented the Forestry Commission from pushing a road further into the wilderness. But only days after the Federal Government decision, the road went through.

Ian Cohen has also done his share of tree-sitting, the first time back in 1983 deep in the Daintree rainforest in North Queensland. "We blocked the road at the beginning of the confrontation but no-one wanted to take this particular tree because it was a tall, skinny thing right in the path of the dozer," Cohen recalls. He was elected to shimmy up and, sitting on a branch seven metres off the ground, he had a clear view of a chainsaw operator, who was well known as a greenie-basher, making a beeline for his beanpole.

"He was a bit of a madman — he was seeing a psychiatrist at the time because he was upset — and he came at the tree with his chainsaw," Cohen says. "He was revving it up and just about to take a swipe

“Someone threw a lump of wood at his head and he started swinging the chainsaw and he just missed this guy's head.”

when friends of mine came running across. Someone threw a lump of wood at his head and he started swinging the chainsaw and he narrowly missed this guy's head." A brawl then ensued; the police came and took the chainsaw man away and the greenies got a bit of a reprieve. But not for long. "The next thing, a whole group of cops came and moved the group away under threat of arrest. They tried to get me down and I wouldn't move. Then they brought the dozer, a D9 Caterpillar, down the existing road and they proceeded to start dozing the road right next to my tree. As the dozer went back and forward cutting the road, the tracks rattled the roots and shook my tree. I just hung in there. In the end it went past me but I was then nine metres above the ground because it had cut a two-metre deep road."

But it was early the following year that Cohen had what he felt was his closest brush with death. With supporters he had gone to the Errinundra Plateau in East Gippsland, Victoria, to "stir up the logging industry and the conservative conservation establishment." The team went into the forest, set up camp, and, as Cohen

puts it, "told what turned out to be the biggest, heaviest, logging industry in Australia to fuck off."

One of the team put out a leaflet announcing a public meeting in the nearby one-horse town of Bonang. Cohen says the Forestry Commission in the area got word and put it around the timber workers that the greenies were having a meeting to decide the fate of the forestry industry that night. "There were 700 loggers and their drunken mates. And 30 greenies arrived, many with flowers in their hair." Cohen was the first speaker. As the sun set on Bonang Hall, he looked across the sea of angry faces and saw not one uniform in sight. "I proceeded to harangue the audience and duck an avalanche of beer cans, rubbish, the whole lot. An extremely violent meeting. Industry reps had stirred up the crowd to almost fever pitch. Fortunately the media was there — otherwise we'd have been dead meat."

As Cohen tried to escape the hall in his truck, with 20 of his crew in the back, he says the crowd rocked them, tore the tarpaulin at the back, put stakes under the tyres, threw toilet fumigants through the front window, and punched out the front passenger window for good measure. "We were only saved when a crew of sober men moved in and threw a human line between the loggers and the truck. They were management and union reps who realised that if blood flowed it would be the arrival of the death knell of the industry." Cohen says the campaign was a success: they managed to slow down the forestry operations for three months.

In the recent NSW SE Forest campaign, besides the allegations of tree spiking, A.J. Brown says there were a few proven incidents, including minor tampering with bulldozers and a logger's caravan being damaged. "People who haven't been part of the organised protest action have caused a bit of trouble, and they haven't been traced. We don't know who they were."

Ecoteurs are always dreaming up new ways of crippling "progress", ranging from the standard sugar in petrol tanks to valve-lapping paste in the oil of engines. As Ian Cohen says, sometimes the idea comes from the US, but in a lot of cases Australians are creating their own methods.

Paul Gilding believes neither direct action on its own, nor conventional lobbying, forces solutions. "You have to have both. That's where Greenpeace has been so successful — we've combined direct action with community education with political lobbying." He nominated the 1990 pipe plugging of Caltex, BHP and Nufarm, and the blockading of jarosite dumping off Hobart, as the best recent examples of direct action in Australia. "We're not just having a demonstration and voicing opinions — it's taking the community to the scene of the crime." 

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES HUME

Faiyeh is a friendly British lass who went off to Saudi Arabia to do some nursing four years ago and has been there ever since. "I fell hopelessly in love with the desert," she explains. "After the green and grey world of England, all that dusty emptiness touched off some sort of spark in me."



desert

ROSE

Tendencys

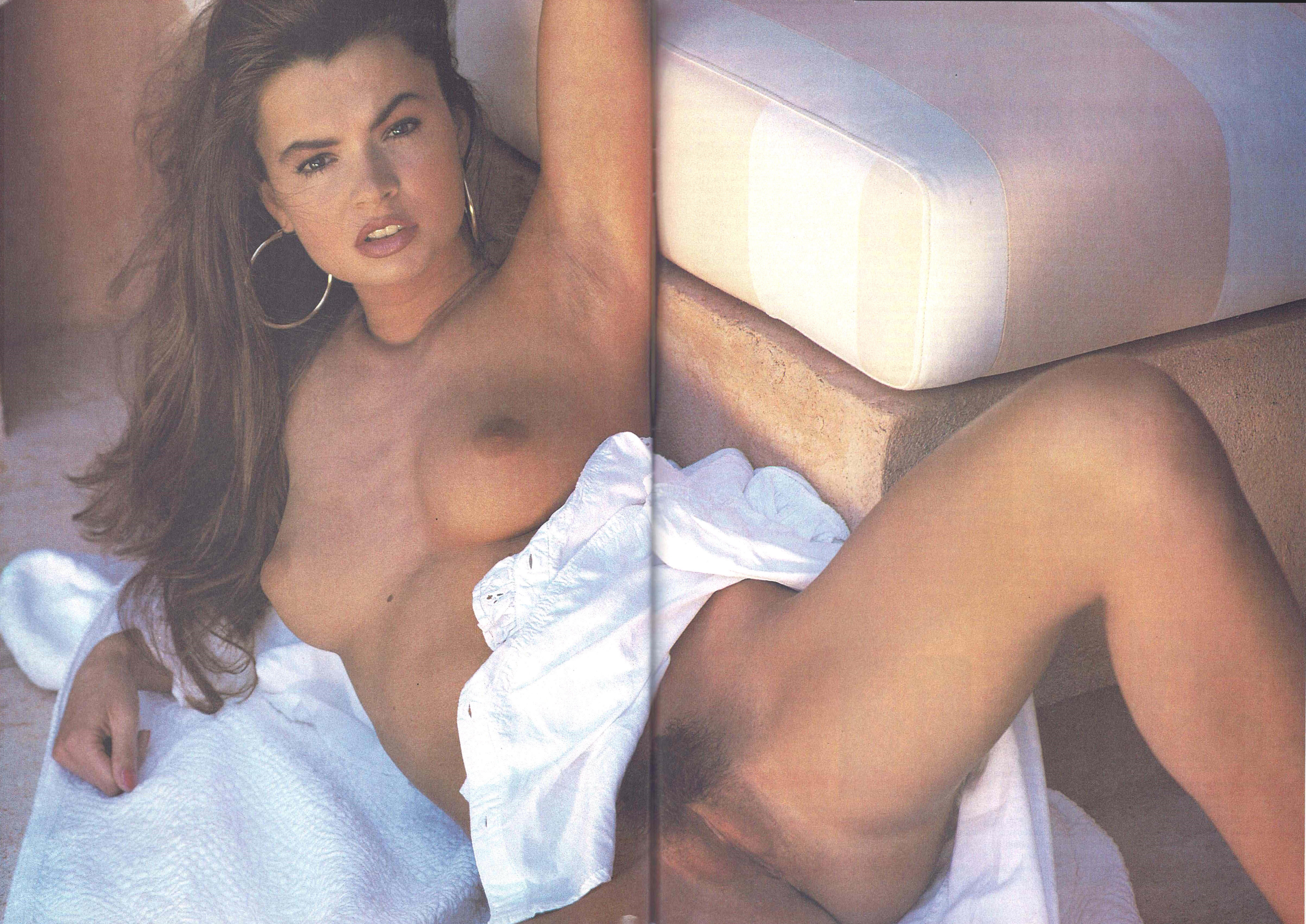
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Faiyeh, 23, was unperturbed by the Gulf War. "They needed nurses in Riyadh, so I went there and offered my services until it was over. I wasn't at all frightened — there isn't time for it, really." She's thinking, now, about travelling to other desert places to have a look. "I'm not sure what I'm going to do next, actually. Maybe the Sahara, who knows?"





WHOLE LOT OF DREAD

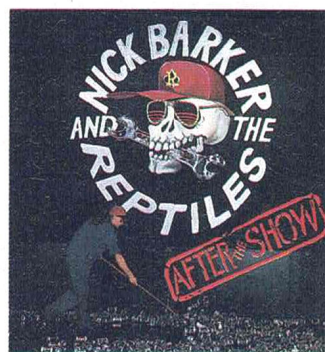
In the true spirit of reinvention, the music scene is crowded with tribute bands celebrating the hits of former (and current) heroes. Californians **Dread Zeppelin** have killed three birds with one stone on *Un-Led-Ed* (IRS). The band consists of an Elvis impersonator fronting a reggae flip-out sextet, and they all have their way with the grandfathers of metal, Led Zeppelin. A "Twilight Zone" theme sets the mood of their own personal reality relocation. The guitar escapes none of Jimmy Page's raunchy antecedents, but the effect of the reggification is to jollify brooding classics like "Whole Lotta Love." Even to these arch parodists though, some Zep licks are sacrosanct. Not so, however, is the "Black Mountain Side." They clamber down entwined in sitar and tablas. They meet a disciple from Memphis, India who has seen the Prophet — "He come down from the mountain and told me to get sunglasses . . . I do not understand sunglasses . . ." Elvis nearly loses it on the mumbled (de)crescendo of "I Can't Quit You Baby" and, to him, the classic drum solo vehicle "Moby Dick" (done with beach party bongos) is a time to reminisce about 1956. "We're burning all illusion tonight," sang the Dread Zeps' rhythmic muse, Bob Marley. DZ have lit their own little bonfire — "burnin' and a lootin'" indeed.

The music of **Marley** (ten years dead) and the Wailers is further celebrated on *Talkin' Blues* (Island). At the end of a near disastrous debut American tour in 1973 (dumped from Sly Stone support for being too captivating), a San Francisco radio station whisked them into a recording studio for a live-in-the-studio show. Most of these classic tracks are from that broadcast. Interspersed are apparently candid (subtitles please!) excerpts from a 1975 Jamaican radio interview. These mumbled ramblings offer sharp

contrast to the coherent, uplifting voice Marley had in song.

Also in the gone-but-not-forgotten stakes is **Phil Lynott**. He was famous not only for his tight leather pants, being a black Irishman and hedonistic rock and roll excesses (which led to his demise), but also for his bass and vocals strutting at the core of classic twin-guitar rock. *The Very Best Of Thin Lizzy* (Vertigo) spans 1973-85 with a posthumous "Dedication" from 1990 by former band members (including Gary Moore) who tarted up an old Lynott demo.

In mid-1988 **Not Drowning Waving** ventured to Papua New Guinea for six weeks. The Melbourne-Rabaul hybrid *Tabaran* (WEA) is the result. This is not NDW's "Rhythm Of The Saints" PNG-style. Credit is conscientiously given to all local players, moods, customs and atmosphere that helped generate these tracks, especially one Telek, a pop star in his own right in PNG. NDW's ambient, lyrical funk sits happily in the musical equivalent of the Highland mists and the strangely Celtic feel of PNG stringband music (guitar and ukelele — thank you missionaries). The plaintive opening



native song is followed by comments on the "New Guinea Condition" while the swirling, chiming "slash-and-burn" chorus of "Blackwater" subsides into bamboo flutes, hand drums and

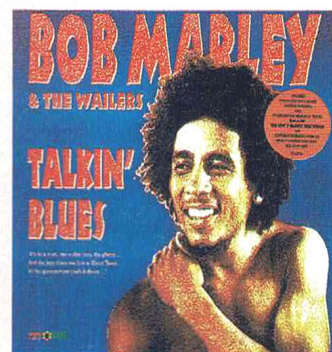
chants ("Abebe").

"Don't want to go home, want to take you somewhere" *After the Show* (White) sings **Nick Barker And The Reptiles** on their second full release. By the sound of it they went straight to the studio, where eminent hard blues-rock producer Joe Hardy (Steve Earle) has captured a live sound. The band don't shy away from songs that wouldn't normally work in their pub set. "Age Old Line" with its tinkled ivories, blues harp and almost restrained



guitar jangle is like a gutsy country sing-along, while "Miles To Go" (written with Paul Kelly) is pure acoustic strum. "Bulldozer", however, still sounds like it would have that effect live. Nick Barker seems intent to push the image of classic, if not overly classy, rock and roll star. He and his reptilian mates show none of the perverse urban energy that Hunters And Collectors harnessed, but neither are they a glossy dream machine pumping out overblown histrionics. "Take What You're Given" is their message to the public and the industry alike.

No names, no pack drill . . . or Grammys. Those blabber-mouthed blunderers **Milli Vanilli** have carved a unique, if not necessarily enviable, niche in pop folklore. The producer, Fab Farian, has now released an album from the Real Voices of Milli Vanilli aptly called *Moment Of Truth* (RCA). The release, spearheaded by "Keep On Running", sports their names but still no pictures. I mean how ugly are these dudes anyway? Its a second coming of Euro machine pop and light singing — dancing to the max. — *Jeremy Cook*



Clockwise from top: PNG-style funk from **Not Drowning Waving**; **Dread Zeppelin** go burnin' and lootin'; **Nick Barker And The Reptiles** pursue classic rock; and a glance back at reggae roots with **Bob Marley and the Wailers**.



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OF DEATH AND DAGS

In Movieland, belief in the unbelievable is a given. That we will suspend our credibility is as certain as the crunch of Smith's Crisps in the dark, as predictable as Fantale wrapper biographies and as immovable as choctop on a new white sloppy joe. Thus, when a film promotes itself with a line like, say: "You will believe a man can fly!", we can counter with: "Turtles wear ninja suits, don't they? Ghosts get nominated for Academy Awards, and two-bit hookers marry hunky millionaires. What's so bloody incredible about some bugger getting airborne? Ask us a harder one."

Now this nation of cinema-goers, many of whom cut their teeth blithely watching a kangaroo driving a speedboat and imparting tch-tch-tch coded information about epileptics with broken ankles trapped down abandoned mineshifts, is being asked to swallow the hardest one yet. In *Death In Brunswick*, they would have us believe that Sam Neill is a *dag*. That Reilly Ace Of Spies is a fumbling, tanglefooted *dork*. What next? That Mel Gibson is a *pillowbiter*?

To the credit of all involved in this marvellous and hilariously quirky film, you will believe that Sam is a *jerk*. But you have to be dragged through some rather too hasty character development before the scales fall from the old mince pies.

Based on the acclaimed 1987 first novel of Melbourne writer Boyd Oxlade, *Death In Brunswick* follows the misadventures

of Carl Fitzgerald (Neill), late-thirties loser who's out of work, has been dumped by his wife, lives like a grot, and has an overbearing, interfering mum who persists in pointing out his failings. Determined to pull himself together, Carl takes a job as a short-order cook in the bowels of a seedy Greek nightclub, alongside Mustafa, a dope-dealing Turkish kitchenhand. Things go well for about five seconds before our hero falls in love with gum-chewing 19-year-old Sophie Papafagos (Zoe Carides), a sassy, hair-gelled Aphrodite who happens to be betrothed to club owner Yanni (Nic Papademetriou). Yanni's a gold-chained spiv with an entourage of very ugly toughs headed by the awesome Laurie (Boris Brkic, Australian cinema's ugliest newcomer). Ham-fisted, forbidden lust blossoms among the dirty dishes, before a drug scuffle and misunderstanding results Mustafa's accidental death by carving fork. Clumsy, confused Carl is left holding the corpse... And that's where the story really begins.

Subsequent farcical, nightmarish and ever more absurd plot twists result in the most bizarre and adventurous mainstream comedy ever made in this country. A multi-cultural cast shines in cleverly written roles that may well err on the side of ethnic stereotyping, but which will spark affectionate and amused recognition among big city dwellers of all creeds. Shining brightest is the original Dagg, Kiwi expatriate John Clarke, as Carl's best mate Dave, a dead-pan gravedigger who comes to his hapless friend's aid against the wishes of his dragon wife (Deborah Kennedy in an excellently awful performance.) A shockingly funny scene involving Carl and Dave in a graveyard is comedy at its blackest.

The *Death In Brunswick* screenplay was written by Boyd Oxlade and John Ruane with support from international scriptwriters Frank Pierson (*Dog Day Afternoon*, *Cool Hand Luke*) and Alan Plater (*A Very British Coup*). It was produced by Timothy White (*Malcolm*, *The Big Steal*) and directed by John Ruane. A sure award winner

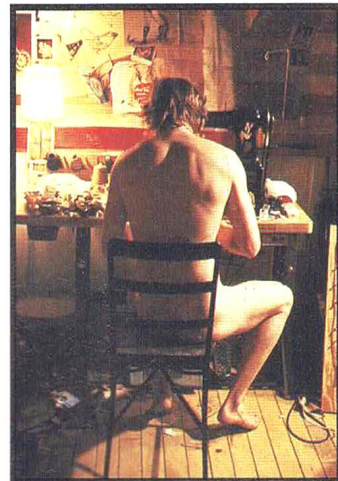


come Aussie gong time, this film comes unreservedly recommended. ***

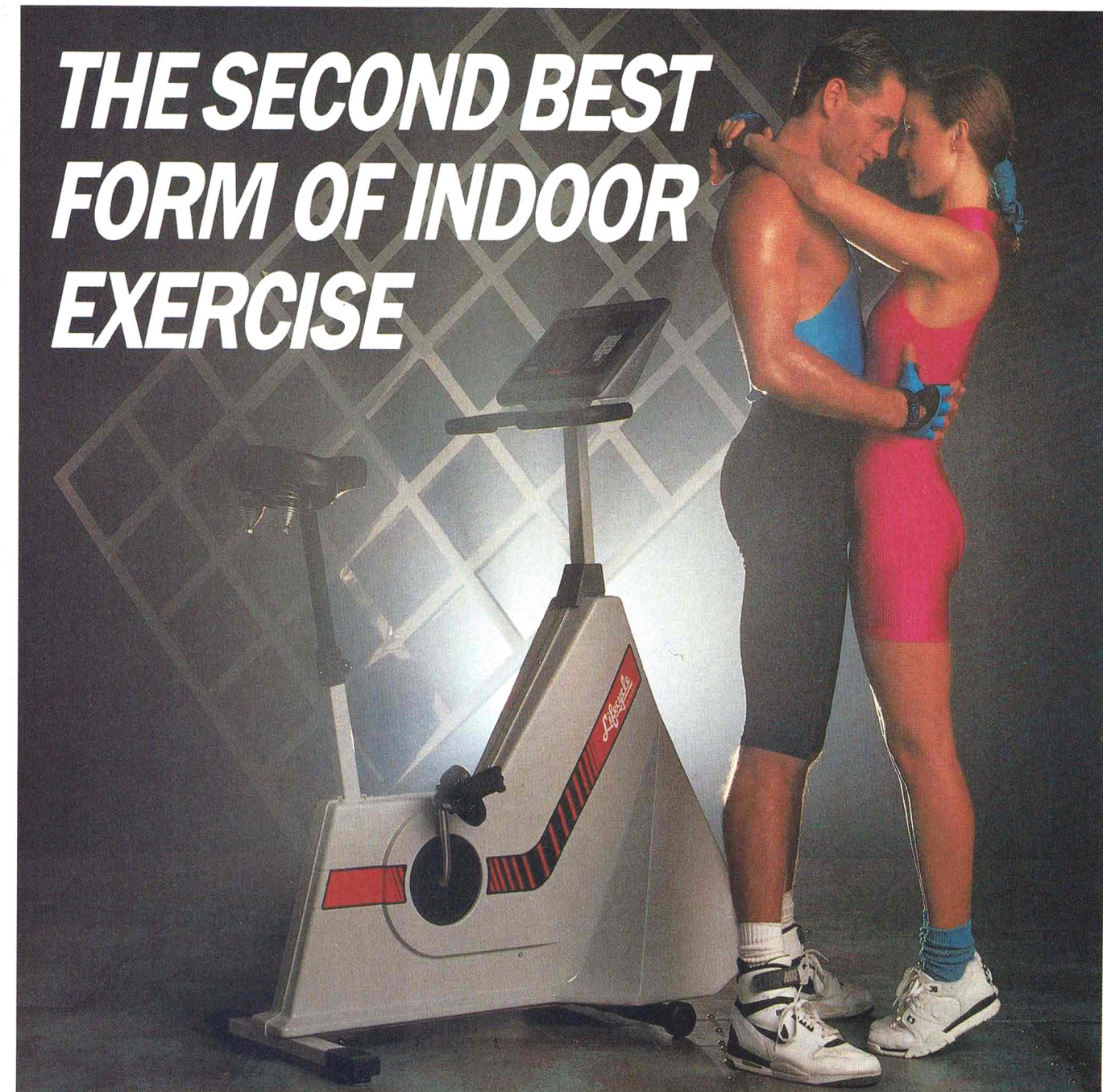
Profiling, the method of identifying serial killers using psychological identikits made up from the histories of captured serial killers (see Paul Wilson's story this issue), forms the bottom line of director Jonathon Demme's much-hyped *Silence Of The Lambs*. In this one a mad mutilator nicknamed "Buffalo Bill" is killing off overweight Mid-West girls and skinning their corpses. Bright trainee FBI operative Clarice Starling (Jodie Foster) is called into the case to interview and profile mad genius serial killer Dr Hannibal "The Cannibal" Lecter (Anthony Hopkins), a most urbane psychopath incarcerated in a gothic asylum behind bars and reinforced glass because of his habit of eating bits off anyone who gets near him. As Buffalo Bill continues his skinnin' spree, Starling builds a tentative relationship with Lecter, and is provided with clues as to the identity of the killer on the loose. Blood, intrigue, gristly bits and twisted humor are not spared as this slick and pacy thriller races toward a most satisfying conclusion. The package, however, is not without a couple of plot-holes you could just wriggle a finger into, if you weren't afraid of getting it bitten off.

Adapted by screenwriter Ted Tally from the Thomas Harris best-seller, *Silence Of The Lambs* showcases one of the chewiest madman roles in the history of the genre in the character of Dr Hannibal Lecter. Hopkins revels in it and renders this otherwise good film a must-see. Top entertainment. *** — C.J. Mackay

Right: Sam Neill and Zoe Carides get physical in top Australian comedy *Death In Brunswick*. Below: Scenes from director Jonathon Demme's thriller *Silence Of The Lambs*.



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hedonist

Al Goldstein is the notorious publisher of America's *Screw* magazine. He is an unabashed connoisseur of sensual pleasure with a wealth of knowledge on how to obtain it anywhere in the world.

CREOLE MAGIC

"Exactly how it should be" is an apt description of the relatively undiscovered corner of the Caribbean now called Belize, formerly British Honduras. Maybe the name change confused all the tourists. Perhaps they were put off by the tales of random banditry that yes, indeed, infects Belize City, the coastal town that is the centre (but not the official capital) of the country.

Chaotic eponymy or not, thievery or not, I found Belize to be astonishingly unspoiled. A little low-rent for the Travelling Hedonist, but more than made up for by the singular attraction of the tiny nation's women.

They are fantastic. Belize was originally settled by West Indian slaves who either escaped or were blown off course on their journey to Haiti or Cuba. And Belize partakes much more of the Caribbean than of the Central American reality of its neighbors, Mexico and Guatemala. It's a steel-drum sort of place.

I went to Belize for the snorkelling and diving, which I now believe to rival any on earth. Although not that in the Great Barrier Reef, which I firmly believe is not of this world. But the diving is spectacular. Again, Belize gives up its underwater charms in an unspoiled, non-tourist fashion. The cays and reefs along the eastern shore — Ambergris Cay, Cay Caulker and the Turneffe Islands — are totally accessible and have the aura of being discovered almost for the first time. Airfare from Belize City to Ambergris Cay was \$US30. The facilities once there were a little crude, but all



you really need to enjoy the coral reef is a mask, snorkel and a willingness to loll in crystalline, bathwater-warm seas. In terms of area, the barrier reef off Belize is second only to Australia's.

The other attraction of the islands of the Belize coast — and this was another reason I found myself there — is sport fishing. The grounds around the Turneffe Islands are the premier bonefish territory in the world. They are a rapid-fire, extremely feisty fish, and the action is abundant and exciting.

Many of the travellers I met in Belize were young people down from the US whose original destination was the Yucatan Peninsula, the finger of land which stretches into the Caribbean north of Belize.

The Mayan ruins there are a magnet to ex-hippies and New Age tourists alike, and I found the Yucatan to be almost unbearably travelled out.

Many of these Yucatan travellers wind up in Belize, taking the very cheap (a few dollars US) jolting bus-ride down from Mexico. There are actually a great series of ruins up-river from Belize's capital, Belmopan, an experiment in community planning sited in the interior. So far it's a failed experiment and I avoided it like the plague it no doubt holds within its precincts. I did, however, take a plane ride (\$US50) over Xunantunich, a Mayan ruin on the Guatemalan border. Here are Mayan ceremonial buildings that are not crawling with tourists.

On one of my jaunts into the

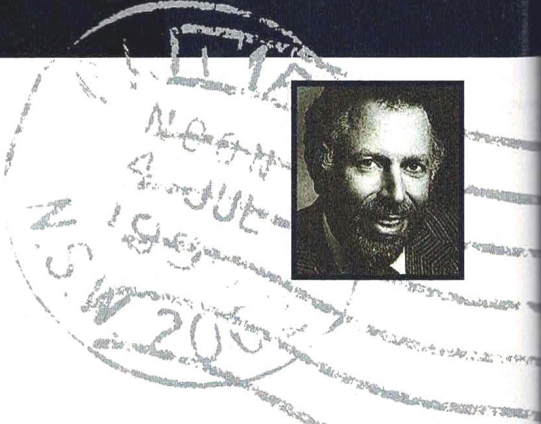
interior of Belize I ran across an astonishing sight. In the north, around a city called Orange Walk, a German Protestant sect called the Mennonites have gathered. They reject modern methods and rely on horses to farm, and it is an odd and unsettling feeling to stumble upon the well-ordered European-style farms in the middle of the jungle. Of course, the sober, black-clothed Mennonite sect isn't the only religion attracted to this part of the world, and I immediately thought of the Reverend Jim Jones and the Kool-Aid kids of Jonestown. But the interior of Belize is too sunny and relaxed to qualify as the heart of darkness.

The actual coast of Belize is an illusory concept, since most of the coastline is demarcated not by white-sand beaches but by mosquito-infested mangrove swamps. Mosquito netting is ubiquitous except in the western highlands, but I found it charming to make love surrounded by one. It makes the bed into a special enclave, a refuge from the rest of the world.

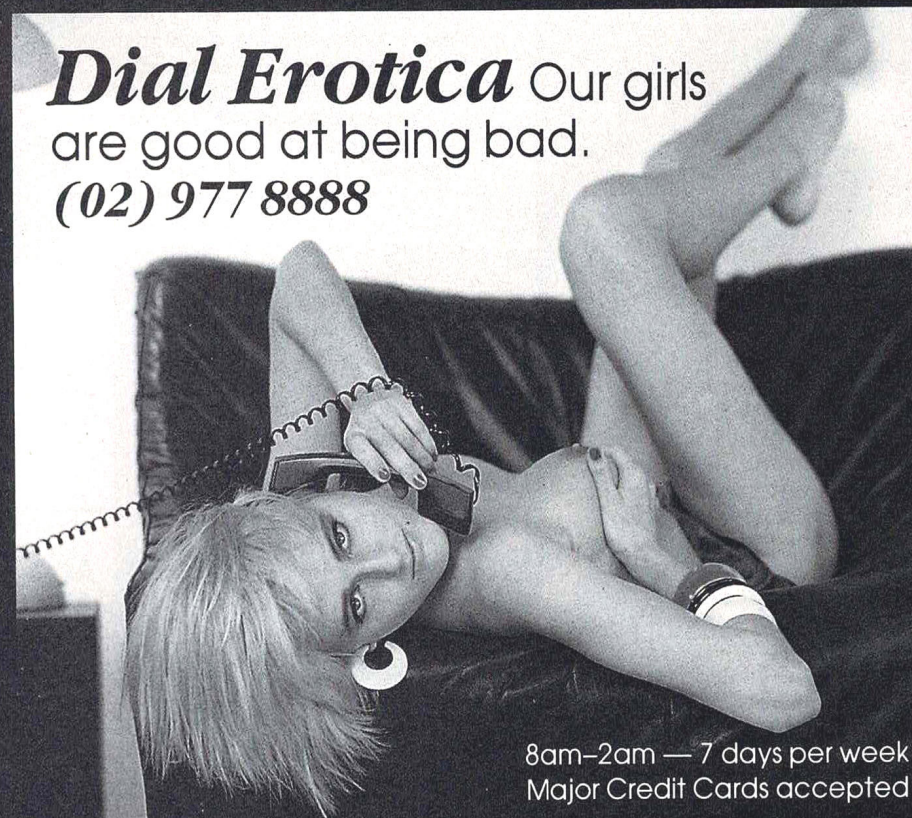
Which brings us back to the

"Belize just may be the Thailand of the Caribbean, a comparison which should speak for itself."

dreamy Belizean women. They are, I am convinced, like no others in the world, although as I said, the girls of Bangkok come to mind. In fact, Belize just may be the Thailand of the Caribbean, a comparison which speaks for itself. 

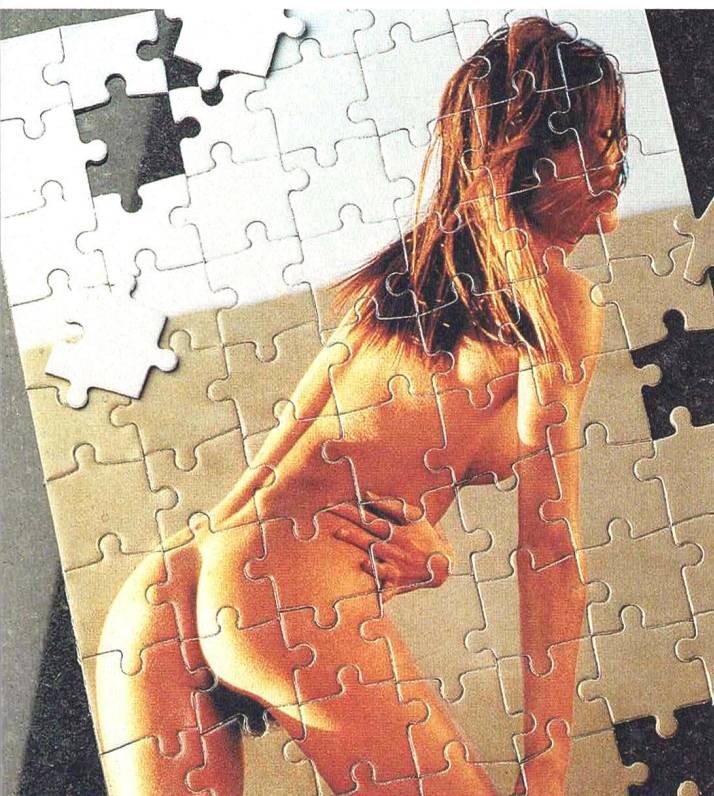


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LOOSE ENDS



PERSONAL PUZZLES

We chose a snap of *Penthouse* Pet Of The Year Kelly Hall to illustrate the work of a small Sydney company that's producing personal jigsaw puzzles by mail order. Such individual puzzles, though not necessarily as revealing as this one, have been popular gifts in Europe for some time, and now look like being a novelty winner in Australia. Puzzle Mania takes your negative or print and produces a 77-piece, 8" x 12" jigsaw puzzle which is sent to you safely assembled on board, ready to be messed up and reassembled. Puzzles from negatives cost \$19.90 plus \$1.40 postage, and from prints \$23 plus \$1.40 postage. Your negatives and prints will be returned with the jigsaw. To order a puzzle, send your neg or print and money order to Puzzle Mania, PO Box 999, Bondi Junction NSW 2022. Any questions, phone Justine and Chris on (02) 328 6807.



POP SWATCH

Swatch has the brightest range of watches imaginable, and the company is constantly coming up with new design ideas. The collection for 1991 includes such tags as "Architecture" and "Dancing Steps", as well as "Travel Tags", "City Lights" and "Sea Tales." Besides being fashionable and fun, Swatches also tell the time with good old Swiss accuracy and reliability. Swatches cost \$60 from good jewellery and department stores around Australia.



FINE HINE

In the rarefied world of cognac, Hine cognacs are recognised for their subtle, unique and consistent quality. Founded in the 18th Century by Englishman Thomas Hine, and nurtured by six generations of the Hine family, the Hine collection displays a maturity and delicacy achieved through ageing and blending of fine cognacs. In Australia, cognac connoisseurs can enjoy five different styles of The House Of Hine product, ranging from Hine VSOP, an elegant and distinctive cognac, to the perfectly balanced Hine Antiquaire, in its Art Deco decanter. Hine Family Reserve, a restricted release bottling from the family's private reserve, is the jewel in the Hine crown. Find Hine cognac in selected prestige liquor stores.



AND THE WINNERS ARE...

The winner of the superb \$2500 Pioneer Surround Sound System featured in the February '91 edition of *Australian Penthouse* was C. Hartley of Reynella in South Australia. The winner of the Sanyo CP888 Compact Disc Player featured in the Pet Of The Year Play-Off competition in the December '90 edition was Glen Jackson of Elderslie in NSW.



Jet Set

The Yamaha Super Jet is the most exciting performance player yet to walk on water. Built for the soloist whose goal is to soar to the highest heights, the Super Jet can cut tight turns, climb challenging crests, or just quietly and smoothly cruise the waterways. A 633cc Yamaha Marine engine marries with a totally new hull and deck design to deliver superior acceleration, a top speed of 62km/h and optimum manoeuvrability. Comfort and safety features are first class and the Super Jet is the lightest water vehicle around. Priced at a recommended \$7499 at Yamaha dealerships Australia-wide.

If you're sick of winter and need a break, consider sipping sundowners on a comfortable yacht at a tropical South Pacific anchorage. Tonga, Tahiti, New Caledonia and the Whitsundays are four destinations offered this winter by charter company Club Seafarer. A typical two-week package would include flights, ten days of slow cruising around the islands and a couple of days to wind down at the local Club Med before flying home. Or you can plot your own itinerary and timetable. Club Seafarer has been operating charter yachts for six years and also has yachts in the Mediterranean, Caribbean and Asia. For information and bookings, ring (02) 251 4711.

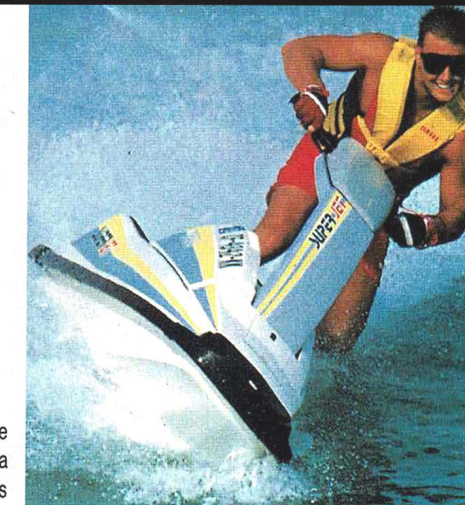
SOUTH PACIFIC



Researched and designed over three years, the Australian-made See Blitz light marker and distress signal is being hailed as a safety and survival necessity by the military, the airforce, the police, ski rescue services, sailors, divers, four-wheel-drivers and serious bushwalkers. The very affordable (\$98) hand-held device is a rugged, high visibility flashing beacon that can be sighted at 16 kilometres. It has been proven waterproof to 450 metres (manufacturers Terra Maris believe it will go to 100 metres but have been unable to find a testing facility) and on land its light provides good tree cover penetration. The RAN and RAAF are fitting the device to all their vessels and aircraft. The Civil Aviation Authority now have them in search aircraft and drop them from 200 metres to use as markers before dropping survival equipment. They were used by the SES and Fire Brigade earlier this year in the floods and bushfires that ravaged NSW. Get one from Terra Maris, phone (02) 451 4534, fax (02) 975 2600.



SEE BLITZ

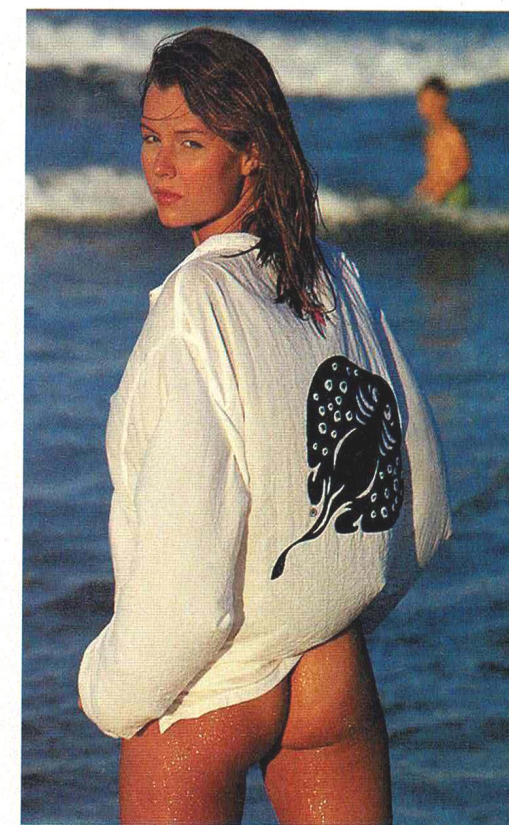


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Stingray Aquawear is clothing that has been scientifically researched and formulated to provide a sun protection factor (SPF) of 21 plus — that is, complete and long-lasting protection from the sun's rays.

(Tests rate the SPF of an ordinary T-shirt as only 5.) The chemical-free sun protection of Stingray Aquawear is all in the weave of a fine but strong fibre.

The fashion designed shirts absorb very little water and thus remain soft and light when wet. They can be worn at all times in the sun, surf and chlorinated pools. In several styles and many sizes, Stingray shirts are available at selected sports and leisurewear stockists, or phone Stingray on (02) 231 4640. Fax (02) 221 3208.



LOOSE ENDS

The Sierra Designs Transporters are a collection of travel wallets, bumbags, portfolios, travel luggage and daypacks. These bright, functional items are ideal for your next journey across the Equator or across town. Details include detachable change wallets, clips, mesh stash pockets and lots of organiser compartments. Each item is available in four color combinations. Prices range from \$19.95 at Paddy Pallin stores.

ALIEN TRANSPORTERS



OLD GOLD

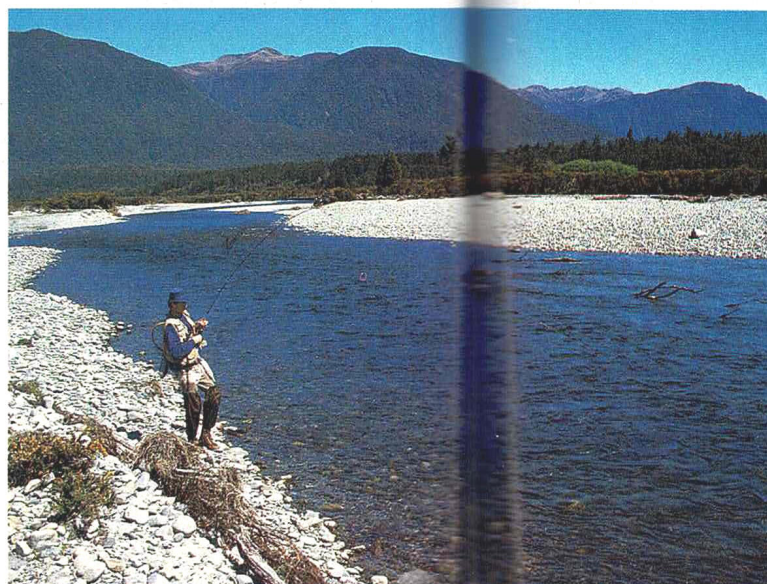
Very rarely does a major whisky producer launch a new label, but George Ballantine & Son, with one of the top three Scotch whisky brands in the world, has just released Gold Seal, a 12-year-old blend of more than 40 of Scotland's greatest malts.

Ballantine's Gold Seal, described as a full and mellow blended deluxe Scotch whisky, is packaged in an elegant and highly distinctive octagonal bottle. Look for it in better liquor outlets and duty free stores.



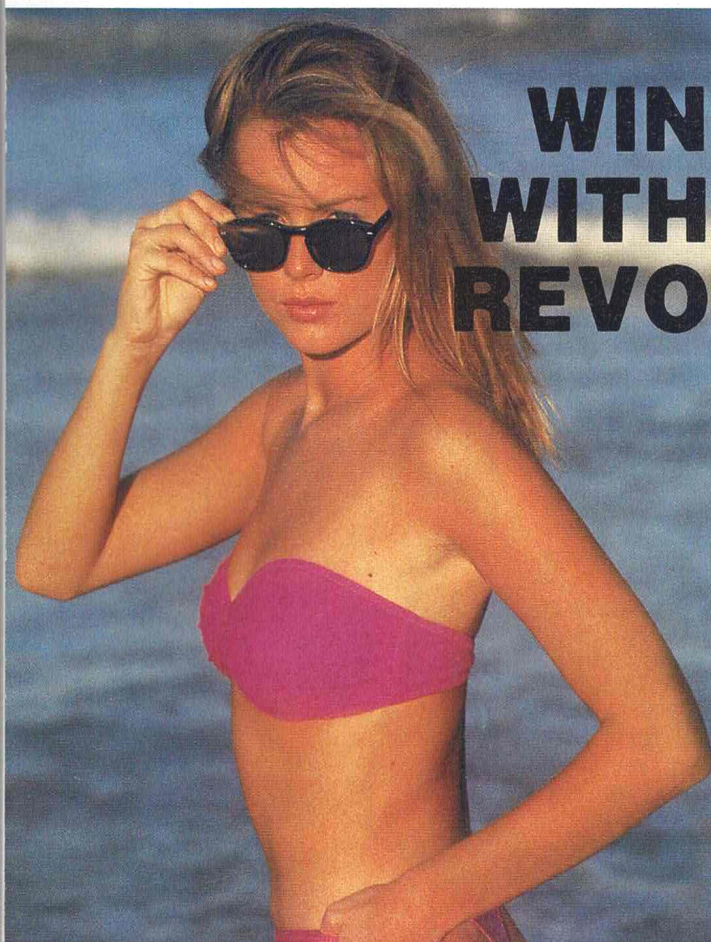
NEW ZEALAND'S FINEST

New Zealand's South Island is known in fishing circles worldwide for the calibre of its clear water fishing for large brown trout. Also renowned among trout fishermen internationally is the Lake Brunner Lodge, something of a showpiece of New Zealand hospitality, run by Ray Grubb and Marion van der Goes. The lodge, known for its comfort and cooking, is the hub of a fishing mecca that offers superb stream and lake angling for fishermen of all skill levels. Those who have never fished before stand an excellent chance of landing one in these parts, and a record breaking 12lb brown trout was recently pulled from a stream in the Lake Brunner area. The Lake Brunner Lodge has its own fishing guides; fly fishing gear is provided, as well as spinning gear for non-fly fishermen. For brochures and bookings contact fishing travel specialists Mayfly Travel on (03) 670 0444 or (008) 339 460.



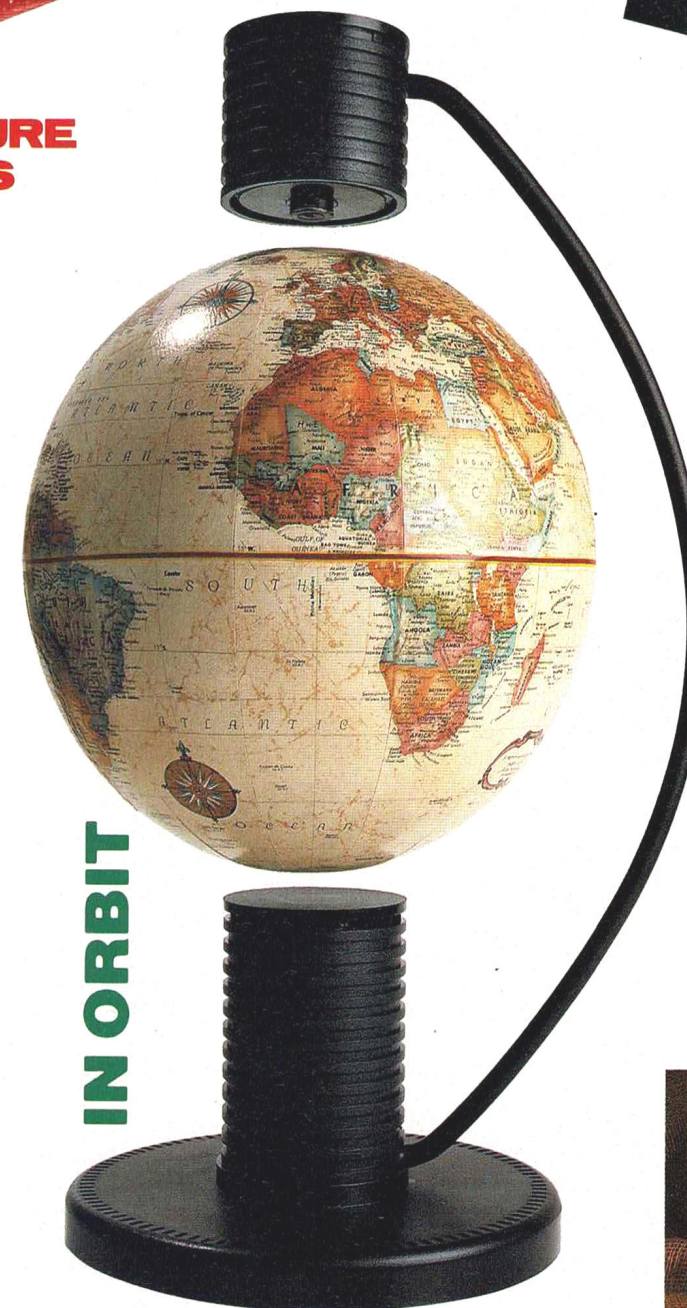
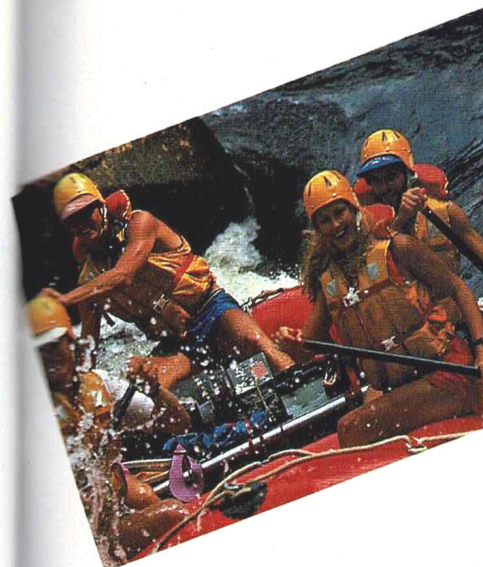
Revo, the ultimate sunglasses, are now available in Australia and this month *Penthouse* has five pairs to give away. Each pair is valued at between \$200 and \$300 (you get to choose the style you want) and these glasses will not only look fantastic, they'll protect your eyes better than any other make on the market. They're like SPF-100 sun protection for your vision. Camera quality glass lenses screen out all harmful UV and infra-red rays and contrast-diminishing blue light. As a result, the eye is able to see truer colors, better contrast and more useful light than with ordinary sunglasses, even in extremely adverse conditions. These qualities make Revo the top choice of pilots and ski instructors in America, and, coupled with fashion styling, the brand has become must-have among the smart set. To win a pair of Revos, simply write your name, address and phone number on the back of an envelope and send it to Revo Competition, *Australian Penthouse*, PO Box 42, Cammeray NSW 2062. Entries close July 19, 1991. The winners will be the first five entries drawn at random. Winners will be notified by mail and their names will appear in an upcoming edition of *Penthouse* in the Loose Ends section.

WIN WITH REVO



ADVENTURE SEEKERS

For a winter break, why not set your sights further than Queensland? You can go rafting through the Snowys, sea kayaking in Patagonia or trekking in the Himalayas, and you can choose your holiday according to your level of fitness. World Expeditions provide equipment and experienced guides for adventure travel in remote places. You can find out more from World Expeditions, or from the Melbourne Travel Show, at the Royal Exhibition Building from June 13 to 16, or the Sydney Travel Show at Darling Harbour from June 20 to 23.



And now for something truly amazing — the levitating globe, which floats free on an electromagnetic axis between two poles. Once you set it spinning, it will spin on for ages as it is friction-free. Designed in California (where else?), it comes with cord and transformer and is a guaranteed attention grabber. Worth \$499 from Funtastique stores in Cairns, Sydney and Melbourne.

WIN WITH MOUNT PLEASANT

From its limited release of 1982 Pinot Noir Magnums, celebrated Australian winemakers Mount Pleasant are giving away ten presentation-boxed bottles to *Australian Penthouse* readers.

Winemaker Phillip Ryan says of the bottling: "This wine is produced in exceptional years only and because of the small parcel of fruit that was available, the quantity had to be restricted. Prolonged maturation of the 1982 Pinot Noir has resulted in a mature Hunter wine in the classic burgundy style. The magnum will give it every opportunity to develop even further." To win a magnum of this soft, yet full-flavored wine, simply answer this question: Who is Mount Pleasant's winemaker? Write your answer on the back of an envelope along with your name and address and send it to: Mount Pleasant Competition, *Australian Penthouse*, PO Box 42, Cammeray, 2062. The winners will be the first ten correct entries drawn. Ten runners-up will receive a copy of *The Penguin Good Australian Wine Guide* by Mark Shield and Phillip Meyer. Entries close Friday, July 19, 1991.





Pet Of The Month, Rebecca Hurst

INSIDE AUGUST AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Law Sports — Sport in Australia is set to become a barrister's banquet and an administrator's nightmare if recent court decisions over violence on the playing field become a trend. The award of \$68,000 to Cronulla Rugby League captain Steve Rogers after he was smashed in the face by Canterbury's Mark Bugden has left a lot of sports lawyers rubbing their hands together. How far can they go? August *Australian Penthouse* has the answers.

Rogue Cop — Murray Stewart Riley worked every aspect of Australian male society's holy trinity — sport, police and crime. But there was nothing holy about the former sports champion, police hero and convicted drug smuggler now awaiting trial in a British prison cell. Read Riley's remarkable story in next month's *Australian Penthouse*.

Magic — Interested in the occult? A lot of people are. And like sex, it sells. Is there any substance behind all the hoodoo voodoo, or is witchcraft just a commercial scam? Find out next month.

Pet Of The Month — Sultry Rebecca Hurst isn't used to getting no for an answer. Our hot-tempered Pet Of The Month doesn't mince words when she proclaims that she wants it all, she wants it bad and she wants it now! Say yes to Rebecca in next month's issue.

the walrus said

Continued from page 52

"I want to go."

I remembered the pills.

And then she stopped and kissed me gently, and I could feel the dry chapped surface of her lips and faint warmth of her breath.

"I wish you'd stay," I said.

"Oh, no . . . Come on, don't spoil my fun."

And then she turned and ran after the others.

I watched them growing smaller and smaller on the beach, following the Walrus and the Carpenter. I watched them come to where the beach curved around the bluff and watched them disappear behind the bluff. I looked up at the sky: pure blue, impersonal.

I began to run up the beach, toward the bluff. I stumbled now and then, as I was drunk, and at one point I jagged my foot against a rock and hopped a little, watching it bleed.

I fell, heavily, and lay there gasping. My heart pounded in my chest. I was too old for this kind of footwork. I hadn't had any real exercise in years. I smoked too much and I drank too much and I had smoked too much dope when my work wasn't calling. I did all the wrong things. I didn't do any of the right things.

I pushed myself up a little and then let myself down again. My heart was hammering hard enough to frighten me. I got up, fell up, and began to run again, weaving widely, my mouth open and the air burning in my throat. I was coated with sweat, and it felt icy in the wind and my heart felt like an oyster gorged with blood.

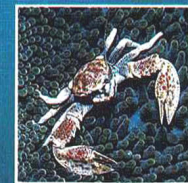
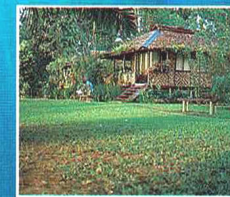
I rounded the bluff, and then stopped and stood swaying, and then I dropped to my knees. The pure blue of the sky was unmarked by a single bird or cloud and nothing stirred on the vast stretch of the beach.

Nothing stirred, but they were there.

Wendy and Robert and Pete and Sally were there, and four others, too. Just around the bluff. I began to crawl towards them on my knees. My heart, my oyster heart, was pounding too hard to allow me to stand. Sally was right in front of me. Her eyes were opened and stared at, but did not see, the sky. The pure blue uncluttered sky. There were a few grains of sand in her left eye. Her face was almost clear of blood. There were only a few flecks of it on her lower chin. The spray from the wound in her breast seemed to have travelled mainly downward. I stretched my arm and touched her hand.

I looked at the others. Like Sally, they were — all of them — butchered. The Walrus and the Carpenter never found any driftwood, but you can eat oysters raw if you want to. 

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